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come to the stables, that he did keep the mare in form, that he should be able to see him when nobody else would, and he would tell him how his poor mother was crying herself into a pool of water about him.

"But," he added, with peculiar significance, "I think you'd better advise her to turn off the tap for the present, as Tiny has sworn—if the mare can do it, and she can—to win the three events. He has pulled off one; the Derby is as good as over; and if nothing is given on the cross to him or Lao, number three is a certainty. You won't see him before then, but a'ter that—he'll tell you himself. At all events, he shall know how his mother is piping her eyes for him, and perhaps—— Well, wait a bit and see."

They waited a bit, and they saw.

Mary Lavender had told Lao the result of her interview with the boy Scrap, and a few days afterwards she conveyed to her a note which had been enclosed in one addressed to herself. It was superscribed:

"To the woman who claims to be my mother."

Within it was written:

"I will never see you again in this world. Forget me as you have forgotten me. Let me bear my shame without making it worse by showing yourself near me, and know that while I live I shall hate you and your memory too. VIVIAN TEMPLEMORE."

Mary Lavender watched Lao as she read this note—she had taken care to read it first—and saw her brow contract and her upper lip quiver; but presently it curled in scorn as she tore it into small fragments and tossed it into the fire.

"If the fool only knew," she muttered.

Mary Lavender shuddered and turned away.

"She is a fiend without a heart," she thought.

Withal, she did her bidding for pay, and was prepared to go, any length, if the wages were high enough. She saw not the beam in her own eye.

Lao did not for a moment abandon her design of getting possession of her son for her own ends; but she saw that at present her efforts would be unavailing, and she resolved to allow events to take their course, only guiding them as well as she could in the direction of her vengeance.

"A stab from that brat, too," she muttered in her swelling throat. "Well, the tragedy has not yet ended; but before the curtain falls we shall see what heads lie low, and which will be lifted up in triumph."

She did not move abroad, but she kept Mary Lavender fully occupied in procuring intelligence for her respecting the movements of Templemore, Harcourt, and the colonel. An agent from an "inquiry office," too, was employed to go where a woman could not penetrate, and she learned that Harcourt and Templemore met only to gamble—that the latter kept on his course with the old imperturbability, making great losses and yet greater winnings—that the former was leading a wild, reckless kind of life as a bachelor in chambers; but, as if under some fascination, was drawn to those Turf meetings, where Templemore, as usual, acted the part of leviathan plunger, and where Harcourt saved himself from inevitable ruin only by what were termed "runs of luck" of the most extraordinary kind.

The advent of the great Derby race at Epsom arrived without any apparent change in the position of any of the parties. Lao was acquainted with the fact that the greatest excitement prevailed in Turf circles respecting the issue of the race. It was generally accepted that the favorite was good enough to win the race, but that it would not do so unless ridden by the boy who had broken it to his riding, while he left its temper as vicious as ever to all others who attempted to guide it to victory in a race.

There were rumors that the boy had been got at, would be got at—that he would never be permitted to ride it. The betting was of an unusual character among men privately, although it maintained its public form; but it was generally known that an immense sum depended on the favorite winning the double event.

Among the floating whispers was one that both Harcourt and Colonel De Rougemont would be irretrievably ruined should the favorite fail to win, and though Templemore was silent as the grave, it was suspected that if the Lady Bab filly did pull through his losses would be tremendous. Some rumors affecting the relations between all three had got abroad, and in their own set all was excitement to know the result of the struggle for the Blue Riband of the Turf.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RACE FOR THE DERBY.

It is not to the purpose of this story that any description of the journey down to the Derby on the chief day of our "Isthmian games" should be attempted; it will suffice to say that the morning broke beautifully, that the road from London to the very course furnished a continuous string of vehicles, from the "White-chapel brougham," usually occupied as a costermonger's stall, to the splendid turnout of the most aristocratic member of the Four in Hand Club. That by the time the saddling bell for the first race was rung there were at least one hundred thousand persons on the course, filling the Grand Stand and all other stands, from basement to roof, and every carriage or vehicle, or even form that would afford an opportunity of seeing the race, while countless throngs lined the course from the winning-post until long past the bend of Tattenham corner, straggling down past the furze bushes, even to the starting post, where there was a considerable gathering, a large proportion of which was composed of very suspicious-looking characters, while, as a most unusual circumstance, a very strong body of police was also gathered there, who seemed to be on some special duty, and looked as if they intended to do it.

There were only fifteen horses entered upon the card, and among them was, "No. 6, Colonel De Rougemont's ch. f. Laodice, by Stockwell — Lady Bab. Cerise, black stripes, black cap. Trainer, Dowson; rider, *Smith*."

No. 6 was especially looked after when the horses went into the paddock; but No. 6 did not make its appearance in the paddock.

When the preliminary canter past the Grand Stand was taken, all the lornettes and thousands of eager eyes looked out for cerise, black stripes and black cap; but it did not show among the brilliant ray of colors. Yet the number was up as a starter. The most tremendous excitement was exhibited in the betting ring, and bets against every horse in the race were yelled in stentorian fashion, and the field was freely offered against the favorite, while ridiculous odds were offered against any horse—bar one.

And now the horses cantered gently over to the starting post. Still there were no signs of Laodice until the starter was ranging them in order, when, to the amazement of every one, the cerise and black stripes was found to be among them.

The filly had been saddled at a place beyond the starting post towards Leatherhead, where no one but those who were concerned had looked for it; but as soon as it was discovered, there was a sudden rush towards it by about half a dozen men. It was only by a sharp swerve of the horse under the spur of its rider that the latter was not swept out of his saddle: but in less than a second every one of the intruders were lashed back to the rails, and there taken into custody by the police.

One active fellow shouted out, as he sprang forward and held up a document in the air, that he had a warrant against the rider of Laodice; but he was whipped up by two stalwart fellows and flung back as if he had been a truss of straw.

Then the starter, who by this time had become angered, called upon the police and the public to prevent any more interruption, and the police and the public kept so bright a lookout that the surging roughs, who were still striving to prevent Lao starting, were kept in durance, not only by strong hands, but exceedingly thick sticks.

Then went the starter forward, the horses for a wonder keeping a steady, beautiful line. At a moment he thundered:

"Go!"

And away rattled the horses at a swift pace, those who had been started to cut out the work for the others going forward with such speed that it seemed as though they would, any one of them, win the race in a canter.

"Where is cerise and black cap?" asked many a voice on the Grand Stand, and they were answered by other voices, "Last off—absolutely last."

But it was presently observed that the filly seemed to creep forward, passing first one and then another, a third and fourth, until the speed of all was greatly increased, and they seemed to have closed together in a cluster. The rise was surmounted, the Furze left behind, and Tattenham Corner was reached. Round this sharp bend they all swept like a tornado, amidst the excited cries of the multitude.

As soon as the straight run was commenced, Leo, for he was on the back of the filly, saw that he was shut in by his horses, and the jockeys riding with him were showing by their tactics that they intended to lock him in and so prevent him winning. With a nerve and sagacity scarcely to be expected from such a boy, he sat firm and still, made no effort to force his way through their obstruction, but held the filly in hand with a strength which for him was marvellous. He was then hemmed in eight or ninth—a rose amid a bed of tulips—the pace being, however, tremendous.

In the van three horses, mounted by celebrated jockeys, were leading, locked together on the upper side of the course; and when it was seen that the foremost of the three was ridden by his jockey with hands down, there burst forth shouts of—

"The Friar wins! The Friar wins!"

But the whipcord began to flourish in the air, and the second drew into the first place, the cries were changed to:

"The Palmer—blue jacket—the blue jacket! Where's the favorite? Beaten off! The favorite has gone to bed!"

Still another horse gets his head forward, and the multitude, changing its note, yells:

"The Pebblian"—for Plebeian—"the Pebblian does the trick! Hundred to one on Pebblian!"

The distance post is past, then the "dreadful bell," the stand all but gained, and the race virtually over, when there suddenly rises in the air a deafening volley of hoarse cheers, the betting men, gentlemen, noblemen, shrieking with wild excitement.

"Lao, by Jupiter! The boy in pink wins! Lao! The boy has them in his pocket! Hurrah—hurrah! The favorite—the boy for a million!"

Twenty thousand other voices take up the cry, for, lo! on the lower side of the course, quite close to the rails, a chestnut filly, bearing on her back a boy in a pink jacket and black velvet cap, sitting as if he were a part of herself, comes sweeping onward.

Leo had seen his opportunity, and like an arrow out of a bow he had darted through an opening in the horses by which he had been surrounded.

Flying like a deer frantic with fright, the filly swoops past the three locked together, stride by stride, overtakes the "Pebblian," who looks all over a winner, challenges him, and staying the longest, passes the chair first by half a length.

A deafening roar of human voices, to which a park of artillery is mild thunder, proclaims that Laodice has won two out of the three great events for which she has contended.

Lao was, of course, present at the race, though powerless to act in the way she had done at Newmarket. She, however, witnessed the result with feelings of tumultous excitement. Yet she muttered to herself:

"Ah! But the third! My hand will appear in the disposal of that event."

Templemore stood in the ring, and had watched the boy in the pink jacket from start to finish with a complexion of the hue of jade. But when the numbers went up which proclaimed Laodice the winner he presented a calm, imperturbable bearing. He knew that a thousand eyes in the ring were upon him, for it was generally known that he was very heavily hit, and he conversed with smiling nonchalance upon the result, as if it affected him no more than a mere bagatelle. But he thought:

"I will see the third out. After that the curtain must fall on some of us."

Harcourt, too, was in the ring, purple with dissipation and flushed with excitement. He pressed his hands to his temples, and muttered, in a distracted way:

"Great Scaramouch! It has just pulled me through. I should have been a ruined young man if it had been beaten. The third, eh! Ah! if it only wins the third I'll never bet another shilling while I live—never!"

Colonel De Rougemont had a little army of men to take charge of Leo and prevent any one getting near him. He, too, was bubbling over with excitement.

"I win a little fortune," he muttered, with dancing eyes; "and if the boy lands me the St. Leger I am made. I will marry the Viscount St. Merlin's beautiful daughter, and retire into princely life."

All was turmoil and confusion to poor Leo until he had successfully drawn the scale, and was smuggled away from the stand and packed in a little room by himself. He bowed his face in his hands, and he moaned rather than murmured:

"I will win the third—I will. Then I'll go and see Giftie, give her something to remember me—something handsome—bid her good bye forever, and—and be off to—Jericho! What will it matter to me where my fate takes me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MISSION OF THE HOUSE FLY.

The fly when it alights rubs its hind legs together: then each hind leg is passed over a wing; then the same operation is performed with the fore legs; and then, if you observe closely, you will see Mr. Fly pass his trunk or proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The trunk terminates in two large lobes, which spread out when the insect begins a meal and is capable of being drawn back rapidly; but though thus constituted it is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and drawing up food.

What the fly does by flying around and then alighting and going through the manœuvres described has at length been successfully investigated and decided by an English chemist named Emerson, who carried out his work by the aid of a powerful microscope.

He relates that when he first conceived the idea of making the investigation he captured a fine specimen and glued its wings down to a microscope slide. On placing the slide under the instrument he found to his disgust that the fly appeared to be covered with vermin. He tried several others, which were likewise covered with lice, and this curious coincidence led him to a still further investigation. Why were the flies thus afflicted, or was it an affliction?

Watching one of the flies fastened on the slide more closely, he observed the creature extend his proboscis and sweep it over his body, as if he had just alighted. Wherever the lice were the trunk went; they were disappearing within its recesses; the fly was actually eating them! At first he thought this vermin the fly's progeny, but further investigation disproved this.

Mr. Emerson took a piece of white paper, on which two flies had lighted and were licking themselves, and putting it under the instrument found some of the little creatures had fallen off—crumbs from the table, so to speak. He then took the paper, went into the kitchen and waving it around his head, taking care that no fire touched it during the operation, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules the same as those found on the flies. Here he had something definite. They were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air.

The body of the fly is covered with a coarse long hair, and its quick motions serve to take them up, as the hairy mouth of the whale takes up the animalcules of the sea. When he gets the net full the fly retires to his favorite recess on the window-sill or in a quiet corner, and proceeds to devour his feast of soft-shell crabs.

Mr. Emerson continued his investigations in a variety of places, and the more dirty and filthy the place and the more fœtid the odor pervading it, the richer the harvest he found the flies had made in the animalcule line.

While the flies captured in such filthy places were usually fat, and plethoric, and happy, the flies found in clear and well-ventilated apartments were so lean and miserable, that when a spider caught one of them in his "parlor" he immediately kicked it out as not fit to eat. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs that might generate disease, there Mr. Emerson observed that the flies were most attracted, and there they covered themselves with the minute organisms which they greedily devoured. From this can be deduced the conclusion that while the mission of house flies is one of immense importance to man, their presence in immense numbers, while it indicates unhealthy exhalations, also guarantees immunity from disease to some extent.

HOW MERIT IS REWARDED IN THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

Kassim Pasha, when Minister of War for Egypt, was very particular with regard to the personal appearance of his officers, and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaved in public. One day he met in the street a lieutenant who had "bearded" the Pasha and disregarded his order.

"To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister.

"To the —— Regiment at Abassueh," responded the frightened lieutenant.

"Get into my carriage at once, so that I can carry you to the encampment, and have you publicly punished," was the stern command that followed.

The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the Pasha stopped his carriage and entered a shop for a few moments to make some trifling purchase. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall, and minus his beard regained his post before the return of his jailer. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands, and seemed the picture of apprehension. Abassueh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief.

"Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate Pasha, when there stepped before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's, and a look of the most supreme innocence.

His excellency gave one look of blank astonishment, and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said:

"Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your lieutenant is a captain!"

CHARACTER.—A man may conceal his name, his age, the circumstances of his life, but not his character. That is his moral atmosphere, and is as inseparable from him as the fragrance of the rose from the rose itself. In the glance of the eye, in the tones of the voice, in mien and gesture, character discloses itself.

A BASKET OF STRING BEANS.

BY ADA WILDE.

MAUCH CHUNK, July 15.

DEAR MILTON:—Sitting here in the spacious piazza of the Mansion House, within view of the sparkling, swift roaring Lehigh, a fancy takes me to dedicate to you—tried and faithful friend of my boyhood—the romance of my youth: A Basket of String Beans!

You know I am of a very poetical temperament, at least I was; it was partly owing to this unfortunate propensity that I subscribed for the —— Magazine, noted for its poetry and choice miscellaneous reading—and fell headlong into the "sea of love!"

Such poetry as she wrote; delicate, impassioned, little gems, infused with spirit, power and life; that made one dream of green fields, fragrant blossoms, and the babbling of summer brooks. How impatiently I waited for each number, how eagerly I scanned page after page, until my eyes rested upon the sweet name of "Aymee" (the writer of these peerless productions).

Who could she be? Being the possessor of a very vivid imagination, I pictured to myself a fair, sweet face, with calm brow, and holy eyes, every feature fashioned with a quiet, pensive grace; and around this vision I wove bright and beautiful fancies. I could see the slight, swaying, graceful figure, bending——

You smile; you were never in love, Milt; you do not understand the rhapsodies of a lover's passion.

Well, I was desperately in love, and desperate cases must have desperate remedies.

I was walking by the office of the ——, when a bright idea suggested itself: to go in and ask the editor for some information concerning the fair unknown.

That gentleman looked at me curiously, and an amused, half-pitying smile overspread his face as he quietly informed me he could not be guilty of such a breach of confidence.

But I wasn't daunted. I went home and wrote a note—never was there more *eloquence du billet*—and addressed it to Miss Aymee, care of Editor of —— Magazine; and into the next two weeks was compressed hopes and fears enough for my lifetime.

Perseverance was duly rewarded; at the expiration of that time a note was handed me; such a dainty little rose-tinted envelope, such a piquant, graceful handwriting; and eagerly opening it, I was conscious of a delicious perfume, like that of mignonette upon the air; it ran thus:

"WOOLWICH, June 12. Aymee's compliments, and thanks Mr. Verner for his kind appreciation of her efforts, and hopes she may continue to retain his favor."

I had now attained the highest pinnacle of human joy, no, I mean hope; I read and re-read the precious tinted missive, like that hour of my life, all *couleur de rose*.

Woolwich; I had never heard of it before; I was ashamed to think my geographical knowledge was so limited; I asked a friend—Gus Hunt, by the way—he told me it was a pleasant village not far from the Connecticut river.

My income being ample, you know a competency was mine in my own right; and my father living in the charmed atmosphere of his second wife; his senses completely intoxicated by drinking in the inspiration of her presence, my goings or doings gave him no uneasiness; so when at breakfast next morning I announced my intention of traveling around and becoming familiar with my own country; previous to going abroad, it created little or no comment.

You can understand that I was about to make a bold search for a wife!

Arriving in Woolwich one pleasant morning, I left my baggage at the depot while I started forth on a tour of investigation, or in plain words, to seek for the comforts of a home.

The fragrant air fanning my brow was so grateful after the heat of the city; herds of cattle and flocks of sheep romped in far off pastures watered by clear, frolicsome streams; and the birds twittering among the leafy branches of the trees, caused me to open my heart to the blessed influences of the country.

After rambling for some time, I came across a low, old-fashioned cottage house, whose walls were covered with luxuriant vines, shaded by stately trees, mighty elms, giant horsechestnuts and stalwart oaks.

Then there were winding walks, shady groves, and snug arbors, but knowing you abominate descriptive letters, I'll curb my eloquence and come to the—romance.

Put on the glasses of imagination, and see as I did in one of those snug arbors, over and around which luxuriant vines and leafy vines clasped each other in a loving embrace, a sleeping angel! I mean maiden, robed in pink chintz. Her fair cheeks were flushed like the heart of a summer rose beneath the shadow of her long, drooping eyelashes; around the bright, parted lips was beaming a happy smile, and the small, dimpled fingers were clasping a book of Mrs. Hemans.

"Well," I said aloud, "this is romance! poetry! this is enchantment itself."

I was still gazing on her in an unconscious ecstasy, when without the least of warning, the eyes of the beautiful sleeper unclosed; I started back in astonishment, for never had I seen a pair of eyes half so beautiful, so full of lights and shadows.

The color deepened in her rose-hued cheeks as she said, dryly:

"Well, to whom am I indebted for this intrusion?"

In my embarrassment I stumbled over something which had escaped my observation—in my romantic ardor—a basket of string beans!

"Oh," she said, quickly, "the beans! I suppose I ought to thank you after all for your opportune arrival, else in the fairy land of dreams I would still be roaming, and proved at dinner how unsubstantial poetry and romance are at the banquet of life."

The dazzling orbs met mine, bewildering me with their mirth and mischief.

The deft fingers nimbly strang the beans [is that proper?] and as I watched them, the thought arose as to whether it was not more sensible for a woman to make fun and string beans, than to write poems.

But I must say something to exonerate myself, so I began:

"My name is Russell Verner; I am a stranger in your beautiful village, and am in quest of some rural abode where

"Roses o'erhang the cottage door,
The——"

I did not get any further; those eyes met mine, beaming with suppressed mirth, quickly subdued into demure propriety.

"Will you sit down and rest?" she said politely; "or would you prefer going to the house? Aunt would be pleased to entertain you, and quite likely give you some information."

"Do you live there?" I ventured.

"At present; like yourself I'm an ardent admirer of true rural felicity, and this I consider an earthly paradise."

"The garden of Eden!" I said, enthusiastically. She giggled. I felt my ears burn; had I said anything—no, I couldn't have done—"and you are one of the brightest of seraphs!" I said, insinuatingly.

She averted her face, and the slight form shook, as I supposed, with delight.

"You flatter," she said, shyly.

"Men were deceivers ever,
One foot on shore, one on land,
To one thing constant never!"

Jupiter Olympus! that was a stunner; yet somehow I liked it, and felt for the moment to win this pink-robed divinity for my own would be to secure my life's happiness forever.

I offered to help string, and as I dived for a handful managed to grasp one of those rare dimpled fingers; tenderly I said:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The pink is sweet, and——"

"Who are you? Myrtle! what the deuce does it all mean?"

It wasn't me who quoted the last line, but a tall, fashionable-looking man, clad in the coolest of summer suits, who was glaring at me with a very determined pair of brown eyes.

"My husband, Mr. Oliver Aymee, Mr. Russell Verner."

"Indeed; happy to meet you," he said, courteously. "I will take advantage of the present opportunity to thank you personally for the kind note with which you favored me."

Was he right? Mistaken in the person, or what?

"Kind note!" I gasped.

"Yes; acknowledged by my wife at my request. I am the Aymee of your dreams," he said, tantalizingly.

Then peal after peal of laughter rent the air, as that wretched girl gave vent to her merriment.

I didn't stay to dinner, although cordially invited. I left in the next train for home, a sadder if not a wiser man.

Since then, I avoid women, detest poetry, and hate string beans!

Ever your friend, RUSSELL.

HOTELS.

There are few hotels in America that have, as yet, attained any great celebrity as being the resort of great men; in fact they can be counted by the fingers of one hand, and then have the thumb to spare. The Parker, of Boston; Willard's, of Washington; the Continental, of Philadelphia; and the Westminster, of New York. The latter of all these claims the palm. The first day of opening, the register fairly groaned with greatness, and its excellence has grown apace with its popularity, till now it has a world-wide celebrity. In this superb house is to be found at all times men of distinction and honor. The austere judge, the wise legislator, the brilliant writer; in fact, all through the category of worldly and mental worth this hotel claims at all times more or less of their representatives. Its situation is most eligible, being in the old aristocratic quarter of New York, Irving Place and 16th Street, the most quiet section of the city, and but one block remove from the great Union Square.

HOME is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not, and cannot, make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine; from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom, and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Aunt Margaret's Troubles. By Miss Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This is a simple, unpretentions and agreeable story, its great attraction being the writer's name, she being the daughter of Charles Dickens.

The Household of Bouverie; or, The Elixir of Youth. By Mrs. G. A. Warfield. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This work has been pronounced by the best critics and novel readers in the country to be one of the most remarkable works ever written. Marian Harlan, herself a distinguished authoress, says of it that "it is more than interesting."

A Question of Honor. By Christain Reed, author of "Morton House." "Valerie Aylmer," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

In this strong and absorbing novel, the author of "Valerie Aylmer" exhibits, at their very best, all those startling qualifications that have made her previous novels so successful—strength of style, accuracy of character-drawing, and ever cumulating interest of plot. "A Question of Honor" will be, without doubt, one of the successes of the summer.

History of Rome. By M. Creighton. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Mr. Creighton compresses the great story of twenty-five centuries and a half, closing with the beginning of this, in barely five times that number of pages, and surrenders space for a dozen maps from this. The narrative is necessarily a mere outline, and omits much that may be looked for. It is, however, an excellent outline; dates the facts; mentions the wars, their causes and results; names the reasons of many changes, and touches social life and letters.

Isabel of Bavaria, Queen of France; or, The Mysteries of the Court of Charles the Sixth. By Alex. Dumas, author of "Count of Monte Cristo." And *The Abbott.* By Sir Walter Scott. Both published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Blackwood's Magazine, for July, 1873; *British Quarterly Review*, for July, 1873. Both reprints by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York. For sale by Wm. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC. — "Centennial Ode." Song and Chorus. Words by Samuel C. Upham. Music by Adam Geibel. "De Old Church Yard In De Lane; or, Darling Minnie Gray." Words and music by John T. Rutledge. Published by F. W. Hemlick, music dealer, Cincinnati, Ohio. "A Brave Boy's Plea." Beautiful song and chorus. Words by L. C. West. Music by Charles Baker. Published by F. W. Helmick, music dealer, Cincinnati.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

To harden a wooden pulley, boil it for about eight minutes in oil.

A DROP or two of essence of pennyroyal rubbed on a dog's coat will drive the fleas away.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM SILKS.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease spot, and hold it near the fire; the grease will melt, and the French chalk absorb it. Brush it off; repeat if necessary.

PERFUMED POWDER FOR BOXES AND DRAWERS.—Coriander powder, Florentine orris powder, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag root, of each two ounces; lavender flowers, powdered, four ounces; musk, one scruple; powder of sandal wood, one drachm. Mix.

STAINS from red wine, cherries, grapes, blood, coffee, tea, and other colored fluids, are best removed from uncolored materials by washing the stains out as long as they are fresh, applying to the remaining traces chloride of lime, and rinsing in antichlore (hyposulphite of soda).

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

BLACKING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar candy, four ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush.

TO RENOVATE SILKS.—Sponge faded silks with warm water and soap; then rub them with a dry cloth on a flat board; afterwards iron them on the inside with a smoothing-iron. Old black silk may be improved by sponging with spirits. In this case the ironing may be done on the right side, thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF MARBLE.—One gall, one wineglass of soap-lees, half a wineglass of turpentine. This mixture must be made into a paste with a little pipe-clay; spread the marble with this, which should not be removed for a few days; and if, on wiping off, the object is not effected, a second application will generally be sufficient.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THERE are 80,000 acres containing 30,000,000 grape vines in California.

CHICAGO now ships cattle to Glasgow via Montreal, instead of the old way, via New York.

IT is stated that 32,000 persons in France are decorated with the Legion of Honor.

AN American harvesting machine has just won the highest prize at a great trial in Germany.

THE revenue of the Sultan of Morocco is £500,000. It is raised by an armed force of 8000 men.

ONLY 25,000,000 acres, out of a total area of 307,000,000, are under cultivation in the Southern States.

THERE has lately been discovered in Bishopgate street, London, a Roman pavement twelve feet below the present surface.

IN the early part of next year an exhibition will be held in Belgium of all such apparatus and sanitary arrangements or scientific appliances as are calculated to preserve life.

THE New York *Independent* has made a list of the honorary degrees conferred by seventy-nine colleges at their late commencements. They foot up 129 D.D.'s and 128 L.L. D.'s.

TROY has a ladies' boat club, the fair members of which are attired in neat white waists, broad brimmed hats, and ordinary skirt dresses. The club rejoices in the euphonious title of "Walla Walla."

AMONG the curious institutions of Stowe, Mass., is a "Three Score and Ten Society," composed of eighty-seven members over seventy years old. One of the members, a lady, is 100, one 93, and another 91.

WOOD gunpowder is a recent invention. It is light colored, small grained, makes little noise, does not recoil the gun when fired, keeps the gun perfectly clean, and is of equal strength with the black powder.

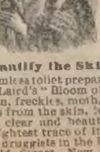
CUTTING and dressing stone is now done by the new diamond-toothed saw, one of the most important mechanical inventions of the age. It executes in stone almost what the common circular saw does in wood.

A MONUMENT to the most gifted novelist of the South, Wm. Gilmore Simms, is to be erected in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina. It will be a bronze bust on a granite pedestal. The whole will cost about two thousand five hundred dollars.

MICROSCOPISTS collecting in the fields, who have not a glass at hand, will find the glasses of their watches an efficient substitute. If the watch be partially opened, the face forms a "white cloud reflector," and throws a good light through the object on the glass.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE Cured when first taken by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, warranted for 27 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.



Beautify the Skin

By using a harmless toilet preparation known as George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moth, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States. Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1871

Saturday Evening, Sept. 4, 1875.

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Notice *is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between R. J. C. Walker, Joseph P. Reed and C. McF. Reed, under the firm name of Walker, Reed & Co., is this day—August 6th, 1875—dissolved by mutual consent, R. J. C. Walker and C. McF. Reed retiring from said firm.*

R. J. C. Walker,
Joseph P. Reed,
C. McF. Reed.

The undersigned, Joseph P. Reed and Charles I. Wickersham, have this day formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of Reed, Wickersham & Co., and will continue the publication of the Post *as heretofore conducted, at 726 Sansom street, Philadelphia.*

Joseph P. Reed,
Charles I. Wickersham.
Philadelphia, August 6, 1875.

☞ Mr. J. F. Foster, *No. 9 Milk street, Boston, Mass., is the authorized agent for receiving Subscriptions or Advertisements for this paper, from New England or Canada.*

OUR EX-PRESIDENTS.

In the notice of the decease of ex-President Johnson it was mentioned that he was the last of the ex-Presidents, there being now no survivor of those who have held the presidential office except the present incumbent, General Grant. This has not been the case hitherto since the death of Washington, who died during the term of his successor, the elder Adams. Through the whole of Jefferson's administration Adams was living; during Madison's eight years, Adams and Jefferson were alive, and during the two terms of Monroe, Adams, Jefferson and Madison survived. In the second year of John Quincy Adams, Jefferson and Adams both died, (July 4th, 1826,) leaving Madison and Monroe alive. During a part of Jackson's terms there were three surviving ex-Presidents, Madison, Monroe and Quincy Adams, but as Monroe died in 1831, and Madison in 1836, there was but one of Jackson's predecessors alive at the end of his second term. Under Van Buren's administration Jackson and Quincy Adams were the surviving ex-Presidents, and both these with the addition of Van Buren lived through the terms of Harrison and Tyler. In the early months of Polk's administration there were four living ex-Presidents, but General Jackson's decease, June 8th, 1845, and that of John Quincy Adams in 1848, left but two survivors at the close of the term of Mr. Polk. When Taylor was inaugurated the survivors were Van Buren, Tyler and Polk, but the decease of Polk in June, 1849, again left but two surviving ex-Chief Magistrates, and the same two continued among the living during the terms of Taylor and Fillmore. During Pierce's administration the living ex-Presidents were Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore; and during Buchanan's there were four, viz.: the three last named and General Pierce. At the beginning of Lincoln's administration there were five living ex-Presidents, but two of these, Van Buren and Tyler, died in 1862, leaving three to survive until after Lincoln's own decease; one of whom, Buchanan, died in 1868, but still leaving Pierce and Fillmore until after the end of Johnson's term. At the commencement of General Grant's administration, there were three survivors, but of these Pierce died in October, 1869; Fillmore in March, 1874, and Johnson in July, 1875; thus for the first time since Washington's decease leaving no survivor among our seventeen ex-Presidents.

The decease of the son of Alexander Hamilton at the very great age of ninety years, serves as an illustration of the vast volume of history that may be spanned by two lives. The life of the second Hamilton extends four years beyond the history of his own country under its constitutional government, and, combined with that of his illustrious father, goes back over some of the most momentous changes in the history of modern nations. When the father of this last Hamilton was born, George II was King of Great Britain, Louis XV reigned in France, Frederick the Great was King of Prussia—feudalism and military autocracy being still in the ascendant on the Continent, while the growth of free institutions in England was coupled with harsh despotism in the British colonies. These two lives have witnessed the stupendous changes that have changed all that; the great impulse towards more liberal principles and the elevation of the body of the people to a share in their governments having been given by the young nation which the first Hamilton aided to form, whose birth under the Constitution the recently deceased Hamilton saw, and whose growth from feeble infancy into one of the most powerful of modern empires he lived to see.

To gain a name of worth, a man must have an aim, a purpose for which he lives; not merely a bubble upon the stream, tossed to and fro by each succeeding wave; not merely the plaything of fate, but a being of determination, who looks to some harbor where he wills his boat shall anchor, and in willing conquers circumstances, and is not their slave.

REJECTED.

BY W. SEDWIN.

A packet small the mail has just returned me.
Though not, please understand, a "letter dead;"
But, as you'll guess, she whom I wooed has spurned me,
Expecting love, I've only cold disdain instead.

In vain I worshipped and admired at distance—
So fair was she I would not draw too near—
Exerting all my powers of resistance,
Hoping to win her thus, though rife with fear.

But why should I repine and make a pother?
'Tis but the lot of many more who love.
She spurns me! Very well, I'll try another,
Who may not quite so inauspicious prove.

For Love, like Fortune, fickle is, and Cupid
Oft plays on erring mortals many pranks,
And, when we press our suit, we deem him stupid
When we are but "declined with many thanks."

But there! It but a trifling spirit-bruise is,
And one that soon from mem'ry will have slipt,
She whom I courted but the fabled Muse is,
The packet's but rejected manuscript!

WINNING A WIFE.

BY E. M. W.

"Good morning, Miss Burge. Beautiful morning, is it not?"

"Good morning, Mr. Swinford. It is," briefly responded the young lady addressed.

"You are surprised, Miss Burge; you did not expect to meet me here," remarked the gentleman politely.

"No. I did not," said Miss Burge; inwardly adding, "if I had, I would have gone in quite an opposite direction."

"I thought whenever you walked abroad, your tastes took you through streets and into promenades, instead of down country lanes and over stiles and meadows."

"Well, usually it is so, but this morning I thought I'd like a change," answered the gentleman, tranquilly, unheeding the lady's by no means cordial manner.

He did not think it necessary to tell that he had followed her at a distance, taking care not to attract her attention, almost all the way she had come, in the hope of obtaining what he had long wished for, but what, till now, the fates and Miss Burge had denied him—a private interview.

"May I continue my walk with you, Miss Burge? Its pleasure will be doubled, believe me."

"I've no reason to disbelieve you," answered the young lady, curtly. "You can do just as you please; I'm not going much farther."

"How nice it would be if it was only dear, delightful Cousin Bob instead of this fellow," she thought. "I suppose he'll begin tormenting me as he always does directly."

Miss Burge was right in her surmise. Mr. Swinford did begin tormenting her, in fact, that was what he had followed her to do.

"Miss Burge, it has seemed to me of late that you have avoided me. May I ask if it is so?"

"Most certainly not. I would not take the trouble to avoid any one."

Mr. Swinford sighed, and suddenly came to a halt beside a stile, in a way that obliged his companion to do the same.

"Miss Burge, I can endure this no longer. Your coldness, your unkindness, I might say, is surely breaking my heart. Once you were kind; once, when I approached you, you smiled upon me and gave me a welcome that filled my heart with joy; now all is altered. Your smiles are turned to frowns, you greet my arrival with cold looks and colder words. I know, yes, I know quite well, who has caused this change; it is your cousin who has won your heart away from me, who——"

"What!" exclaimed Miss Burge. "Surely, sir, you know not what you say. Won my heart away from you! I should like to know how he, or anyone else, could win away from you that which you never stood the slightest chance of winning yourself."

"Miss Burge! Oh, cruel, cruel; why do you treat me so? You loved me once——"

"'Tis false, sir; I never even liked you."

"Never even liked me! Can I believe that I hear aright? Never even liked me, and yet you encouraged me to hope that you would one day be my wife. Oh, cruel, heartless flirt, you have broken my faith in your sex forever. More than this, you have ruined all my hopes of happiness, you have embittered and blighted a life which——"

"Stop, sir, your accusations are as foolish as they are untrue. I never encouraged your attentions, I never led you to believe that I would ever be more to than a friend, and that you know, only you will not own it."

"Hear her, hear her," exclaimed Mr. Swinford, appealingly, to the trees and hedges. "Hear her, the only one I ever loved, to please whom I would die this moment without a murmur. Oh, this is terrible, this is more than I can bear. I shall go mad or die!"

Mr. Swinford was getting stagey, and so, as he was not on the stage, he was making himself ridiculous.

Miss Burge, however, did not think this.

Although she pretended, as a rule, to be unromantic and commonplace, she was as sentimental and imaginative as young ladies of nineteen usually are.

And so, as she knew in her heart of hearts that before her cousin came she had flirted just a little with Mr. Swinford, she began to get rather alarmed over that unfortunate young man's condition.

If he should go mad or die, as he declared he should, how terrible it would be.

"Mr. Swinford, I am sorry for you, but I don't love you, and I can never be your wife. And, believe me, I never meant to delude you into the hope that I would. And," making an attempt at consolation, "you will meet some one else some day whom you will learn to love better than you now love me, and then you will be glad that I refused you. And now, please, let me pass; I really must hasten home."

"No, Miss Burge, I will not let you pass, at least, not until you have heard all I have to say to you. I love you; without you I cannot, will not live. Unless you swear to be my wife I will shoot myself; I will die here at your feet."

As he spoke, he produced a small pocket pistol, which although he had assured himself was not loaded, he handled very cautiously and with some trepidation.

Miss Burge drew back with an exclamation of alarm.

"Oh, put that horrid thing away. Oh, Mr. Swinford, what are you thinking of?"

"Thinking of, cruel, pitiless girl. Thinking of leaving this world of wickedness and deceit, thinking of seeking refuge from sorrow and despair in death."

"Oh, Mr. Swinford, don't talk like that; you—you really can't mean it, you are jesting."

"I am not jesting; I never was more serious in my life. If you will not promise to marry me, I will end my wretched existence, and my blood will be upon your head."

"But I—I don't love you—oh, really——"

"You do not love me—you say it again—then I will die."

He raised the pistol as he spoke, and the girl sprang forward with a cry of dismay.

"Stop, stop! Oh, Mr. Swinford, stop; don't do it! oh, don't do it. I will promise, I will do anything—I—I—oh, you have frightened me to death."

Mr. Swinford hastily pocketed the harmless cause of the young lady's distress and sprang to her side.

"Beloved one, forgive me; be not alarmed, your words have made life more precious than I can tell, more precious than it ever was before. Dearest, breathe once more the words that call me back to life and make me the happiest being the wide world holds; tell me again that you will be my wife?"

"No, I won't. I hate you, there. Don't touch me. I wouldn't marry you now if you were the last man in the world."

Mr. Swinford drew back with a tragical gesture of despair, raised his eyes and one hand to heaven, and fumbled for the pistol with the other.

"Farewell, hard-hearted, remorseless girl. Farewell, the world and all therein; welcome oblivion and death."

The dreadful weapon was on a level with his forehead, in another moment.

But poor Miss Burge did not wait to see what would have happened to her adorer had she left him alone; she rushed forward and seized his arm, shrieking and begging him to desist.

Mr. Swinford allowed himself to be prevailed upon the second time, probably because he was rather loth to rob society of a brilliant ornament, and again consigned the terrible engine of destruction to one of his coat pockets.

The fickle queen of his heart, amid tears, sobs, and reproaches, then gave him the required promise, and after this had been done to his satisfaction, Mr. Swinford agreed that they might as well return whence they had come.

Reaching his own quarters, he drew himself up before a mirror and smiling at the familiar face and form therein reflected, congratulated himself upon the success of his little plan.

"That's a way to win a wife. Some fellows would have got down-hearted about it, for she's certainly done all she could to discourage me of late. Some would have given it up in despair; I, by one bold stroke, have won her—an heiress and the prettiest girl in the place; besides there is the pleasure of disappointing her cousin—confound his impudence! He as good as called me a fool the other night. Never mind, my boy, this pays him for it."

Meanwhile Miss Burge is at home, waiting anxiously for the coming of her cousin Bob.

He came presently, and being an affectionate cousin, he greeted her with a hearty kiss, a proceeding which made Miss Burge blush, but drew from her no signs of anger or resentment. Then, seated side by side on the lounge, she told him all about her eventful walk and the promise Mr. Swinford had frightened her into giving.

"Oh, Bob, I couldn't help it, for I'm sure he really meant to kill himself; and think how awful that would have been."

"Meant to kill himself! My dear little pet, if he lives till he commits suicide, he'll be in the land of the living as long as it's here to be in. And he frightened you, my darling, did he, with his empty talk? I have a good mind to go and break every bone in his body, the—well, never mind."

"What shall I do, Bob? Of course, I'm not going to marry him, although I promised ever so solemnly that I would. But there's no harm in breaking a promise extorted from any one like that, is there?"

"Certainly not, my pet. Now, if you were to break the promise you've given to me and marry some other fellow——"

"But I won't, Bob, dear. You didn't force me, you know, and I love you better than I love any body else. But, Bob, what shall I do about Mr. Swinford?"

"Leave all to me. He shan't trouble you again."

Mr. Swinford descended to breakfast the next morning in the best of spirits.

"Suppose I must call upon my future bride, and my papa and mamma-in-law that are to be some time this morning," he thought, as he seated himself at the table. "Must be attentive and all that, or perhaps she'll alter her mind and throw me over, after all; I don't think there's much fear of my losing her. I fancy she's one of those who respect promises and all that sort of thing, or I shouldn't have thought of doing what I have."

A slight commotion outside the door interrupted his reflections—the sound of a voice he knew too well caused him to start and turn pale.

"I tell you I must and will see him. In here, is he? All right, Susan; you can go."

And without further ceremony, Miss Burge's cousin opened the door, entered the room, and closed it after him.

Mr. Swinford was on his feet in an instant.

"Really, to whom or what, may I ask, am I indebted for this unexpected honor?"

"To your own cowardly and ungentlemanly conduct, which I have come to punish," answered Bob, flourishing, to Mr. Swinford's dismay, a stout horsewhip, which made that gentleman shiver with dread.

And then, as Bob advanced to the attack, he commenced to beat a precipitate retreat until the wall stopped his further progress. Then he tried to dodge his would be assailant, but it was in vain.

Bob had him by the collar at last, and then he knew that he was being belabored unmercifully.

Susan hearing a great noise, rushed in to ascertain the cause of it, and then rushed away again shrieking, "Missis, missis!" as loud as she was able.

Missis came, and departed calling

"Please!" and "Murder!" but before one of those functionaries arrived upon the scene, Bob had given his victim the last stroke, kicked him up into one corner of the room, and departed; and the policeman, after advising the moaning Swinford to summon him for assault, did likewise.

Mr. Swinford, however, thought it best not to commence proceedings, but to let the matter drop.

He resolved also to trouble himself no more about the girl he had striven to win for his wife, but to seek for a bride elsewhere, and so, next morning, very pale and evidently in pain, he left Seaview forever, a sadder and a wiser man.

Six months after, Miss Burge was led to the altar by her cousin Bob, and if they are not one of the happiest couples in existence, I do not know who is.

PROVERBS

It is Lord Bacon who says "The genius, spirit, and the wit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs;" and Earl Russell defined a proverb admirably when he called it the "Wisdom of many, and the wit of one"—that is, the wisdom of many having observed a fact, one wittier than the rest puts it into some happy phrase. So also Pope:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed—
What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

As for the wit of a nation being discovered in its proverbs, this is true with the reserve that almost every proverb worth repeating may be found in many languages, indicating a common origin perhaps, certainly showing that all men are of one kin. A proverb, in fact, should be that touch of nature which will make all feel alike and all accept it.

The following are a few proverbs, some of which combine much shrewd observation with caustic wit, and which are all deserving of being treasured in our memories and taken as a guidance in life.

Life itself is so short and death so near to us all that we do not wonder at the sum of wisdom being to the Babylonian, "Eat, drink, and love," or, as some say, "live." It is the old materialist idea, "Enjoy the present hour."

The Syrian hits this off admirably when he says, "The egg of to-day, and not the hen of to-morrow."

We say, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," calling in alliteration to aid us to remember that promised happiness is uncertain.

"To-morrow never comes, we are told;" but there are others who have turned the good of waiting into words of wisdom as true as they are poetical.

Apropos of eggs, Jerrold has said with sweetest poetry, "Patience wanted a nightingale; Patience waited, and the egg sang."

A parallel piece of poetry is a French proverb, "With time and patience a mulberry leaf becomes satin."

Another writer tell us that "Patience and Faith alone can conquer Time;" and the French have a beautiful line, which the poet Longfellow has thus Englished, "All things come round to him who will but wait." Finally, he who would rather have the egg than the hen may consider himself "sat upon" by the mighty Shakspeare and his weighty pity, "How poor are they that have not patience!" "Wait—that is the lesson of life," says one; but, answers another, "A setting hen never gets fat." "Ay, ay," rejoins the first, "but 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.'" Both thrust and parry, lunge and *riposte* are good: a setting hen does not want to get fat, but she hatches her chickens; and the rolling stone, we may suppose, sees the world.

There are some excellent Syriac proverbs. The Moslem Syrian laughs at the "Jew beggar who neither enjoys this world nor the next;" and, while we say "Hard words break no bones," he puts his view (the same) in more appropriate words—"A thousand curses never tore a shirt." "Speech is of silver, silence is gold," made popular here by Carlyle, is German, but the original is Syriac, and is manifestly Eastern. "I had many friends when my vines gave wine," embodies the common experience that prosperity begets friends and adversity tries them; so we see that what is true in the West is true also in the East.

THE HAPPIEST PERIOD.

It is not necessary to plunge into metaphysics to ascertain why different opinions have been expressed on the above subject, for the logic of the diversity of opinions must be obvious to an ordinary mind. The happiest period of man's life depends upon how he lives. Different men live differently, hence the diversity of opinions. A great many men point to their childhood's days as the happiest time of their lives. But this is an acknowledgment that they are not living as they should, and a confession of their stupidity as to the true way God designed that man should live.

The beauty, as revealed to us in the innocence of childhood, subsists more in the fact that the child is untainted by not having come in contact with the wicked people of the world, than by any actual inherent beauty in itself. To know the child, you must wait until he develops into a man. The innocence of a child is not based upon any fixed principle in the child, but is in essence a state of mere undevelopment, or ignorance.

A child two or three years of age, for instance, that is old enough to run about and pick up everything it can find, may, sometime, in the absence of its mother, get hold of a pair of scissors, and with them put out the eyes of a still younger babe in a cradle. This would be an act of innocence in which it would be difficult to find any beauty. No, don't point back to your childhood days, when your mother carried you in her arms, and waited on your every wish and whim, as the happiest point in your life; but rather let your lives be so lived that you will be constrained to say, "Truly there is but one time in man's life that is the happiest; that is the autumn of life, when the sun of this life is sinking low beneath the western horizon."

WHEREVER unselfish love is the mainspring of man's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all the happiness which the world can bestow.

THIS world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

AN HOUR IN MY GARDEN.

BY MARGARET EARLE.

An hour in my garden is quite enough for us, its owners, and an hour too much for one who has acquired a taste for finished landscape gardening. Much might be said about various departments of it, but just now I am full of the raspberry patch. I am fresh from it, and am confident I can do justice to the subject. For from the tips of my fingers to the angles of my shoulders there is not a quarter of an inch square that isn't a perfect network of scratches. My cabinet specimens scored and scratched with glacial marks are nothing in comparison.

"Tie up and stake your raspberries?"

Ah yes, if once tying would answer the purpose. Three years ago we set out sickly (apparently) little shoots that gave little promise of future crops; yet strong in faith we nursed them into life and vigor, and lo! the old story of the camel crowding the man out of his hut. Up springs a score of sprouts from every root, from six to twelve feet high, and spare them you must—they are the hope of the future: like children always held up as the hope of their country. Coming as they do when the ground is fully occupied with the fruit-bearing canes, between the two the patch becomes a perfect jungle that only the initiated can penetrate. If the summer growth would only come earlier in the season before the press of summer business keeps the head of the family entirely out of the garden! I suspect, however, there would be a press of business at any season of the year if the raspberry question were broached.

This amateur gardening I pronounce a humbug. It sounds very fine, and reads wonderfully well in books. And no doubt is, when a practical gardener does the work and the amateur looks on and enjoys. But with no money to hire the gardener, and no leisure to do it one's self, the garden must, necessarily, be like that of the sluggard. Indeed, I am not sure but Solomon had in his eye this very garden of ours. He certainly describes it most graphically.

But I wander from my raspberry patch. Raspberries are not the only things that grow in it. Thistles, not our honest, broad-leaved American thistle, but the narrow, spiny, stiff, bristling, obstinate Canada thistle has here and there found a footing. Thorns and thistles were yoked together in the curse, and perhaps it is meet they should not be separated here. Then the pigweed is something wonderful to see, four and five feet high, and the catnip fully six. The most careful culture could not improve on that. The whole feline race might worship in that raspberry patch. And yellow dock enough to cleanse the blood of all the human race. We certainly in our garden cannot be accused of overlooking or undervaluing the common blessings of life.

But this same garden with its unkempt look, its giant weeds, and its tangle of thorns has many lessons. I started out with most admirable theories of gardening. Not only should no weed dare to lift its head above the ground, but every bed should be kept scrupulously to its original shape. But alas for the head that plans, when it has no hands to execute. The soil, above most soils, is admirably adapted to weeds, and their growth matches Jonah's gourd.

And if in a moment of leisure the "gudeman" is seized with a gardening fit, the weeds are routed to be sure—but so are the beds, and one would think a whole flock of hens had been holding high carnival there. You could never guess whether the bed had been circular, or oval, or oblong—and here comes the end of all one's fine theories about gardening. Down go the shovel and hoe, and down they lie until a sadder woman, if not a wiser, gathers them up and returns them to their place, wishing she had 'a hundred hands this very minute," and strength to match, and none other should ever touch the garden. And so growing "patient through hopelessness," I have learned to look calmly on the death of all my gardening hopes. Indeed, in the centre of my raspberry patch I am quite the philosopher. It certainly is a retreat where I am absolutely sure of never being followed. No other member of the family has ever or can ever thread the labyrinth.

But one must judge our raspberry patch as St. Clair told Miss Ophelia she must judge old Dinah's housekeeping—by her success. (Alas! no "clarin' up day" ever comes to our garden until the frosts of winter take it in hand, and kindly cover its short-comings with a broad and spotless mantle of snow.) And judged by this standard our raspberry patch is worthy of all praise. It is a decided success. So I think and say when I come in laden with berries as well as torn by scratches—purple, luscious fruit, delicious in its freshness.

In our garden everything has its own way and takes comfort in it. The grapevines cover their trellises and clamber off on the plum and cherry trees at their own sweet will, and to reward us for their liberty they hang their loaded clusters of grapes through every crevice of the mantled trees. The asparagus sets up a matted jungle of its own, and a clematis growing near climbs up over that into a low-branching tree. Hollyhocks and pigweed and catnip, with its soft, velvety leaf, nod and wink at each other. They know they could not find another such Paradise, and are jubilant over it. The tall grass waves in the summer breeze, timothy, the tasseled, and the Kentucky blue rustle together. The sickle has no terrors for them—they have never seen it.

And in the trees overhead the birds build their nests and sing the livelong day. And the raspberries in bloom wreathe their white garlands with a wealth of grace and beauty, paying fully in advance for the torn clothes and hands. They never could be half so beautiful if trained to stake or trellis; and then how bountifully and temptingly they bend their purple cluster to the picking.

PEOPLE always fancy that we cannot become wise, without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

KNOWLEDGE cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome, and like digging for deep waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

Personal Items.

EX-PRESIDENT JOHNSON had policies of insurance on his life to the amount of $350,000.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the poet and novelist, died at Copenhagen on the 4th of August, aged seventy.

GEN. HAWLEY, President of the Centennial Commission, will soon take up his residence in Philadelphia.

JOAQUIN MILLER is at Long Branch, revising his poems, which are to be published by Bentley, of London.

A "FAREWELL" will be given by Mlle. Titjiens at the Dublin Exhibition Palace before she starts for America.

ALL the ex-Presidents are now dead, and only two ex-Vice Presidents survive, Hannibal Hamlin and Schuyler Colfax.

ALBERT GARNIER, the champion billiard player of the world, is astonishing residents at Newport by his wonderful playing.

CAPTAIN WEBB, who swam twenty miles in the Thames, is about to swim across the English Channel from Dover to Calais.

MRS. E. L. DAVENPORT and Miss May Davenport will be members of the stock company next season at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

THE Freemasons of England are about to give a public entertainment to the Baroness Burdett Coutts. This is something new in the history of the order.

JENNY LIND dresses her hair in the same style precisely as when she was in America twenty-five years ago. She has two daughters, one eighteen, and the other twenty.

LIEUT. CONDER and the members of the Palestine Exploring Expedition were recently attacked near Japhet by a party of robbers. They, however, beat off their assailants.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR has been elected president of the Saratoga Monument Association, and it has been proposed to have some commemoration of the surrender of Burgoyne in the Centennial year, 1877.

THE American rifle team while in Paris on August 7th, were entertained by Victor Hugo, who, in welcoming them, said he was very proud of America, and grateful for the recognition it had given to him and his works.

BARNUM'S new lecture, which he will deliver next autumn, will be entitled "The World and How to Live in It." The Mayor of Bridgeport has lived in the world a long time, and he knows well how to prolong his useful existence.

CAPTAIN BOYTON is described as a sinewy, tough-looking man of about thirty-five, with a large round forehead, and a thin but pronounced underface. He is decidedly tanned; and some one says that he has rather a water-logged appearance.

MRS. SHERMAN, wife of the General, is at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, with her family. The inevitable correspondent is after them, and records the astounding information that they "eat at the *table d'hote*, wait on themselves and on each other, and do not hesitate to pass any dish to other guests, or to acknowledge the attentions of others by a bow and a pleasant 'thank you.'"

Centennial Items.

THERE will be over four hundred exhibitors from Austria in the Main Exhibition Building, and upward of one hundred and fifty in the Art Gallery.

IT is stated that the *Herald* and *Tribune* of New York will, on their own account, erect separate and ornamental buildings on the Centennial grounds for their own use.

THE uniform price of admission to the exhibition during its continuance will be fifty cents, and this fee will admit the ticket holders to every portion of the grounds. There will be no season or commutation tickets.

A PARTY of some thirty persons from Lock Haven, Pa., propose to visit the Centennial in a novel manner. They will secure tents from the government, and pitch them on lands outside of Philadelphia, where they will board and sleep, spending the day at the Exhibition.

THE Japanese officials now in Philadelphia are to be joined in December by more than a hundred of their countrymen, some of them exhibitors and some workmen, who are to put up Japanese buildings, such as bazaars, dwellings, shops, etc. These will be accompanied by additional Commissioners.

THE foreign governments who are to participate in the Centennial will erect their own buildings. Sweden intends putting up four buildings, which will include a Swedish school and a nursery. In the exhibition of its school system there will be in conjunction with the buildings a Kintergarten, showing how the juvenile Swede is developed.

ALL the space allotted to foreign countries will be occupied, and applications have already been received from exhibitors in the United States for 245,000 square feet, although the space allotted to the United States is only 175,000 square feet. A very large percentage of the applications will, however, be thrown out on account of the unsuitableness of proposed exhibits.

THE allotment of space originally made to England and France was found insufficient to accommodate the exhibitors who asked their respective commissions for space, and in both instances applications for enlargements have been made and granted by the Centennial authorities, the English allotment being increased in this way from 48,000 to 88,000 square feet.

THE main building, the Art Gallery, and the Agricultural building are to be finished by the 1st of January; the Horticultural building by September 5th; and Machinery Hall by October 1st. The cost of the main building will be $1,420,000; of the Art Gallery, $1,199,273; of the Horticultural building, $353,937; of Machinery Hall, $542,300; and of the Agricultural building, $250,000.

THE Japanese are perfecting their plans for one or two buildings after the style of the architecture of their own country, and the representatives of the governments of Morocco, Sweden, Turkey, Egypt, Hungary, Switzerland and other countries contemplate following their example. England will be allotted a portion of the space opposite and adjoining the plot selected for the United States exhibitors.

The Six Silver Moonbeams.

A FAIRY TALE

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

Far away in a dense forest, where none but the wild birds and many happy, timid little creatures lived, was an enchanted spot known as the Fairy Copse. Here dwelt many fairies. Large, shadowing trees of witch-hazel and black-fir interwove their branches, while creeping vines twined in and among, festooning themselves in all conceivable fantastic shapes. Underneath, beautiful, bright, green-shaded moss spread a soft carpet, while, scattered here, there, and everywhere, nodded bright flowers; a dreamy little brook slipped gurgling along over smooth pebbles, caressing the pure lilies which reared their snowy heads on its bosom, and babbling to each little flower that grew on its verdant banks a promise to always carry their lovely shadows, besides making a silver mirror for the leaves which shut out the light, except when a rude wind would toss them wildly about, and then the blue sky would just throw in a bright glance, which the flowers would catch, and smile a glad welcome; but at night, when there was but a passing breeze, the moon or stars never shone upon the spot, but the glow-worms made it light for these sad little fairies, who often sighed for the silver moonbeams.

Now, an old witch had put a spell upon them, because they, the fairies, had taken the silk from her corn field to weave and make their little hose; and she thought herself deeply injured, and so condemned them to remain in this dark bower until six silver moonbeams should fall upon a certain white stone, which should then break the spell, and make them happy again.

One dark, stormy night, when the winds blew fiercely and the rain beat in among the trees, making the glow-worms shut up their lanterns and seek shelter under the protecting leaves and moss, while the trees moaned and creaked mournfully, suddenly there came an angry gust, seizing a mammoth witch-hazel tree, hurling it to the ground.

The next night the evening star rose out of the sea; climbed into the sky, and looked down into the Copse, through an opening the fallen tree had made, twinkling, as if saying:

"Wait; it is coming."

Soon, through the azure of the heavens came the bright moon, rising slowly, and silvering the landscape around—not a cloud to shadow it. Soon it reached the tree tops, and then its rays fell in upon the enchanted ground, touching the white stone, making it bright and beautiful. Behold a slow upheaving of moss around it, and putting itself in motion, it rolled back, disclosing a wonderful cave.

The moonbeams pouring into it, reflected the brilliancy of the gold and silver and precious stones studding the entrance, out of which rose the Fairy Queen, airily dressed in a gossamer robe, with a crown of pearly dewdrops on her flowering tresses, borne along on a pure white butterfly with diamond eyes.

Immediately following her came fairies, elves and brownies, and in less than a minute the place was filled. A thousand voices were mingled in the wild cry of joy which rose from every corner of the Fairy Copse. In an instant every place was crowded—issuing from the tufts of grass, from thickets of hawthorn, and from the clefts of the rocks—swarming like a perfect beehive.

The butterfly gracefully settled itself on the leaf of a wood-lily.

Slipping from her seat and stepping into a blossom with a long stem, that all might see their gentle queen and hear her precious words, she waved her wand.

Immediately the merry confusion was hushed.

Then softly and sweetly on the air came the chime of the flowers—at first, loudly and gaily, telling of their content and happiness in the beautiful home God had given them; then, gradually sinking, and more slowly and sadly, they sang of lost companions, and how in a short time they must follow; then, fainter the sounds were heard, until a deep, deep hush fell upon all.

Then up rose the Queen, and the waving of her tiny wand brought smiles to their fairy faces, for they dearly loved and trusted her.

The dewdrops sparkled everywhere on every tiny leaf and flower.

Awaiting her commands, the brownies perched themselves on the twigs of the low bush witch hazel, ready to render any service at a moment's notice.

Sitting in a golden car drawn through the air by six magnificent ladybugs, all studded with rubies and emeralds, was King Brownie.

Around the flower throne stood a circle of brownies, each holding a daisy, on which rested a glowworm, imparting their light to the beauteous scene; whilst swinging on every flower rested the fairies, their tiny wings trembling as if impatient to begin their revels.

Then, in sweet, clear tones, outspoke the Queen: "Our sadness and sorrow, from the wickedness of human beings, we will this night forget. Praise the light from whence your blessings come. Go, be happy, not idle, but do good! But forget not to return ere the crowing of the cock!"

Up went the little brownies' red caps, and they burst into a loud shout:

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"The six silver moonbeams have broken the spell.
Obey our dear Queen, and all will be well."

The little fairies danced round and round like dead leaves in a whirlwind; then were heard the sweet notes of a nightingale filling the fragrant air with its melody, and the deep bass note of a solemn, watchful owl, who sat in a woody niche, echoed through the Copse. Never tiring of their revels, they danced and sung and climbed the moonbeams, then slid back on to the mossy carpet where the moonbeam ladders began.

"Let us see how far we can go," said one to the other.

"Oh, no," said Farfaletta; "there is a poor old broken-winged honey bee near, and I think we should care for him; but I'll just give him a sip of dew, and I guess he'll do until we have had our frolic on the moonbeams. Please come hold up his head, for he is so heavy, I can't."

So her five little companions helped to raise him. Bending to take a dewdrop from the cup of a half closed violet, she started and gave a little scream of delight; for, fast asleep under the leaves, she espied a green satiny Katydid.

Now you must know that even to the fairies it is an unsolved mystery whether really Katy did or Katy didn't break the pitcher.

Startled from its repose, the tiny thing flew to the light, and quickly Farfaletta gave chase, determined to find out all about the broken pitcher. Up she went on the moonbeams, followed by her five little companions. Higher and higher they went; sometimes they would almost reach it; then it would seem to start afresh and escape from them. On, on it flew, then suddenly dropped, and fell into the darkness below. Then the disappointed fairies said:

"Well, old Sexton Brownie will find her and bury her. How nice it is up here! Suppose we just ride along on this lovely silver cloud awhile?"

So they sailed through the blue ether never noticing that the moon was slowly dipping into the western horizon.

"Oh, I never care to go back; it's so very beautiful, no much nicer than the gem caves," said Mouche. "Let us go and live in the moon; anyway, go up near and see it."

Then Twinkle said:

"Oh, how far we have to go yet! and see, the ladder tips more than it did at first. Ought we to trust these beams? We must return."

Up through the clear night air came the slow tolling of the midnight bell—one, two, three. Turning back and hastening on, they counted four, five, six. Sorrowfully they thought of the dying honey bee, and how, instead of having done any deeds of kindness, they had selfishly thought of only their own pleasure. Seven, eight, nine, chimed the clock.

"Oh, my ladder is falling!"

"Get on here; quick!" said Farfaletta.

Just at that moment Luna tucked one of her horns behind the dark mountains. A nightingale just going to her nest sang a sweet song, and, while they listened to that, the tenth stroke sounded, but they heard it not. The eleventh rang out, and they swiftly hurried on.

In the Copse the revels were over; the joyous night had ended; the happy sprites gathered around the throne to do honor to their gracious Queen; the eleventh stroke is sounding, and the loiterers return not; then spoke the Fairy Queen: "Just punishments are theirs."

Then the twelfth stroke sounded like a minute gun. All the while the beams were slowly disappearing, one by one, until but one remained! Still they hastened, and hoping to reach the Fairy Copse, when the clarion crow of the cock arose on the air, and the last beam broke. Raising their wings to float themselves safely, for they could not see, the darkness dyed them deeply black. But as they so raised their wings, a kindly gleam from the vanishing moon shot through their little hearts, and so illumined their bodies, that they were instantly transformed into six fitful fireflies. So they found their way back to the deserted Copse by the light of their own folly, and caught, as they entered, the echoing refrain of the elfin song:

"I, st, lost to us all—farewell, farewell!
Doomed hereafter on earth to dwell:
To wander for ever o'er heath dell, or
streams—
To carry the light of silver moonbeams."

REASON IS REASON, THOUGH NOT SEEN.—"Why shouldn't we go abroad for the winter, like the swallows, and lots besides?" asked the House Sparrow.

"Can't say, indeed," replied his friend.

"We are quite as numerous," said the Sparrow. "See what flocks we make."

"Quite," said his friend.

"And we have good wings, and we don't like cold weather and starvation any more than they do," said the Sparrow.

"True," said his friend.

"Then why *don't* we go abroad?" said the Sparrow.

"That's beyond me to explain," said the other; "but indeed, brother, though not very old, I have lived long enough in the world to see there are many things I can't account for; and when I meet with one like this I make up my mind that the fault doesn't lie in its unreasonableness, but in my incapability of understanding it. By this rule, no doubt, the swallows satisfy themselves that it is right they should have to go abroad while we stop at home."

WE should accustom ourselves to view those above us without admiration and envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall down and worship grandeur, without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness.

The Law and the Lady;

OR,

Retailed and Curtailed.

BY WILKY COLLINS, ESQ.

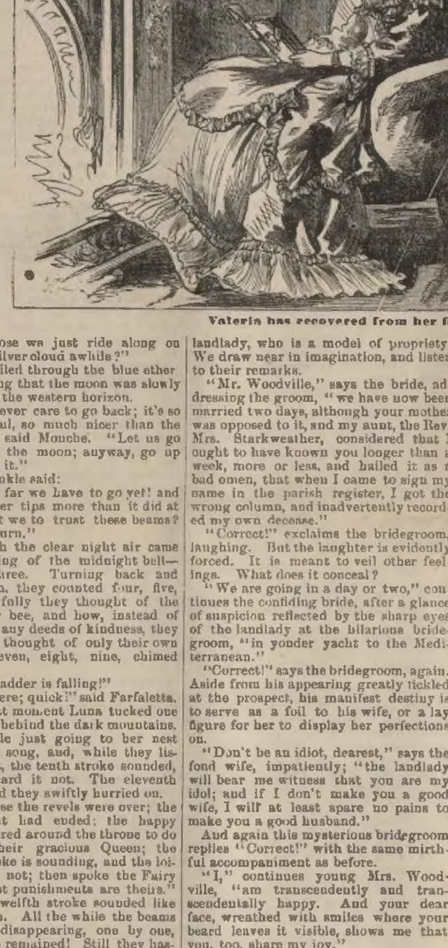
PREFACE.

In this age all stories should be short. Quality, not quantity, is the motto of the reading public. The trouble of perusing a three volume novel will be saved by glancing over the following chapters, beginning, naturally, with

CHAPTER I.

THE USUAL MYSTERY.

The sands at Ramsgate. Objects in the distance, a steam yacht and a neat lodging house. The former has been loaned to, and the latter is occupied by the newly married couple walking this way over the sands in company with their



Valeria has recovered from her f

landlady, who is a model of propriety. We draw near in imagination, and listen to their remarks.

"Mr. Woodville," says the bride, addressing the groom, "we have now been married two days, although your mother was opposed to it, and my aunt, the Rev. Mrs. Starkweather, considered that I ought to have known you longer than a week, more or less, and hailed it as a bad omen, that when I came to sign my name in the parish register, I got the wrong column, and inadvertently recorded my own decease."

"Correct!" exclaims the bridegroom, laughing. But the laughter is evidently forced. It is meant to veil other feelings. What does it conceal?

"We are going in a day or two," continues the confiding bride, after a glance of suspicion reflected by the sharp eyes of the landlady at the hilarious bridegroom, "in yonder yacht to the Mediterranean."

"Correct!" says the bridegroom, again. Aside from his appearing greatly tickled at the prospect, his manifest destiny is to serve as a foil to his wife, or a lay figure for her to display her perfections on.

"Don't be an idiot, dearest," says the fond wife, impatiently; "the landlady will bear me witness that you are my idol; and if I don't make you a good wife, I will at least spare no pains to make you a good husband."

And again this mysterious bridegroom replies "Correct!" with the same mirthful accompaniment as before.

"I," continues young Mrs. Woodville, "am transcendently and transcendentally happy. And your dear face, wreathed with smiles where your beard leaves it visible, shows me that you, too, share my joy."

"Correct!" exclaims the husband, bursting into a sudden passion of tears, and hiding in his pocket handkerchief all the features not already masked by his beard.

"Mr. Woodville," cries the astonished Mrs. W., stopping short on the sands and sticking her parasol into an unlucky jelly-fish, "what mean these sudden transitions? You must think me a simpleton!"

"Correct!" cries the weeping Woodville, shaking his head and hurrying away.

"What can be mean?" asks his bride, looking after him; "there is mystery here."

"Oh," says the landlady, comfortably, "he's only gone to see about the yacht. As to a mystery, I hope there's none; for I tell you as a friend, a mystery would oblige me to ask for my rooms immediate."

The bride's scornful glance is diverted from her companion by a nice, motherly-looking old lady, who, in passing, drops a bundle, which the bride, picking up, finds to be damp bathing clothes, marked "Mrs. Eustace Macallan."

Interested in the absent-minded loser, because she has, or has had, a husband with the same Christian name as Mr. Woodville; and anxious to get rid of the bundle, which is quite unpleasant, the new married wife runs after her and restores her property.

"Thanks, fair maiden!" answers the old lady, turning round.

Heavens! It is her husband's mother! She has seen her photograph; found it one day when she was prying among her husband's private papers, as all good wives do. She heeds not the landlady's explanation, that she is not a maiden, but a bride, and is considering what to do, when the husband, coming back, explains:

"Hullo, mother! *You* at Ramsgate. Allow me. My wife."

His mother! Then why Macallan instead of Woodville, if only once married? With a withering glance at both, the old lady says: "I pity your wife;" and then walks off without explaining herself. The landlady, speaking as a friend, gives her lodgers warning on the spot; and the young wife vainly en-

deavors to find out why she is pitiable from her husband, who only says: "Oh, bother!" and goes away to find other lodgings.

Watching him, however, she observes that he speaks to a friend. Ha! It is the very friend who lent him the yacht. The friend is an old gentleman of the new school, and has on his arm a young person, a modern burlesque blonde, over-dressed, with yellow hair.

Him the distracted wife rushes up to as soon as her husband gets out of sight.

"Ah! Mrs. Valeria Woodville," he exclaims. "Eustace's wife! Knew you in a moment from the resemblance. I kiss your hands."

"Not Mrs. Woodville," she replies, sternly; "Mrs. Macallan!" He looks disconcerted. "I know all," she adds; "tell me the rest."

Before he can reply, the young Person cries sharply, "Major, is that woman to cut me out of your—money?"

"Charming pupil," says the major, who wears a buttoned-up frock coat, with a flower stuck in the lapel, also

ainting spell, and has read the trial.

false teeth and a wig, "that lady's relations with me are of the most business character. Step on ahead. I kiss your hands. Lovely, isn't she?" he continues, turning to Mrs. Woodville, or Macallan. "I'm going to bring her out as the Queen of Hearts—I should say song."

"But about my husband. He has a secret. Let me keep it for him."

"Really, now, I prefer keeping it myself, dear Mrs. Macallan."

"Have you got it about you?"

"Not about *me*," with a meaning glance at the young Person, who is reading a pamphlet.

"Ha! Is it about her? Is the secret about her?"

"In one sense, no. In another, yes. If you wish to find it look at anything she has, but that pamphlet."

In a moment she has overtaken the young Person, to whom she says in an agitated voice,

"Will you kindly let me see what you are reading?"

"I will, if you don't want to marry the major." says the young Person, "and mind you, I believe he did it, after all."

"Did what?" asks Valeria; but before she can be answered, she has read these fatal words:

"The Trial of Eustace Macallan for the Alleged Suicide, by Poisoning, of his wife."

The book falls into a puddle. The lady lies senseless on the sands.

Eustace comes up with the crowd, but ingeniously pretends not to know her, and remarking: "Only a lady in a fit," takes the next train for Paris.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW "WHAT IS IT?"

Valeria has recovered from her fainting spell, and has read the trial. The engraving above represents her so engaged, under the careful supervision of her father's old clerk, Benjamin. She was photographed expressly for this work at the moment when she came to the conclusion that a Mrs. Beauly, mentioned in the report as an old sweetheart of her husband's before he was first married, is the guilty person, and that the proper individual to guide her in establishing her bridegroom's innocence, is one of the witnesses, Miserrimus Dexter, Esq.

Insisting on being taken to see him, her friends determined not to let her go alone. Accompanied, therefore, by the major, Mr. Playmore, her lawyer, also by her mother-in-law—and Benjamin, she finds her desired guide in a house, outdoors ruinous, and indoors a curiosity shop, where, guarded (with a club) by his idiot cousin, a huge, awkward female named Ariel, the upper half of a man is rushing round his room in an invalid chair. Outside, in the lobby, they ask of her if she means to persevere, adding, "Better not."

"I do," she replies. "He will show me how to take the proper steps."

"He can't," says Mrs. Macallan, "he was born without legs."

"And yet," adds Benjamin, casting up his hand and eyes in despair, "she relies on his understanding!"

"Whoop!" cried a voice from the chair as it whirls along through the room. "I and my imagination! My brain boils. I reanimate in myself the departed great. Whoop! Clear the track! I flatter myself I am a novelty and a success. My imagination runs away with me in my new pink silk jacket, as the author's ran away with him. I'm a genius. I'm the great original Resuscitator. I'm Napoleon at Waterloo; Andrew Jackson at Bunker Hill; Shakspere composing "The Geneva Cross," and the Apollo Belvidere knocked off his pins. Hi! Whoop! G'lang!"

"What do you say to that?" asks Mrs. Macallan.

"Only his playfulness," Valeria replies, as being bound to oppose her mother-in-law. At this moment, however, the madman in the chair, catching sight of the party, drives at them full tilt, while he signs to Ariel to charge in among them with her club. The fury of both is sublimely checked by Mrs. M——, senior, who steps forward, saying:

"I am an old friend; and this is Eustace Macallan's second wife."

The trunk without legs in the chair springs out of it with a cry of horror, and hops about on his hands, crying, "Pity me! pity me! pity me!" and while the rest obligingly pity him, Valeria says:

"You seem such a sensible person, that I have come to ask your aid in reversing for my husband the Irish—I mean the Scotch verdict of 'Not Proven,' which every one but me considers to signify 'Guilty.' I, however, suspect his old flame, Mrs. Beauly."

Miserrimus Dexter says to himself: "On a false scent? Good!" But to her: "We two alone are the only people in the universe wise enough to see the truth. Come and dine with me some time on truffles. You are like E. M.'s first wife. I loved E. M.'s first wife. I will also love you. Pity me. Pat my hand. Ariel, my harp."

And receiving that instrument, after a wild prelude, he begins the following weird chaunt:

"She comes. She is here. What! What for? In the name of common sense what brings her? How long will she stay? When is she going away again?"

"Isn't that beautiful?" he asks.

There is but one opinion; and yet, despite the fine tenor voice, Playmore takes Valeria aside and whispers:

"He suspects Mrs. Beauly; therefore he did it himself."

Ere she can recover from the giddy sensation produced by this electric shock of legal acumen, Dexter again calls to her:

"You have heard me sing; you shall now hear *me* tell a story. I excel in dramatic narrative. I am a poet, painter, composer and cook. You must taste my truffles. I must show you my skeleton—not my own—the one in that closet. You shall see me pinch Ariel. She likes it. But, now for the story."

Ariel, striking the sole of one foot with the instep of the other as she stands by her cousin's chair, and at the same time filling glasses round with burgundy, cries:

"Yes, the story. Master, master, tell us the story!"

"Wretches! fiends!" cries Dexter. "I will—I will tell it! Here it is. Hark!."

"Title ——. Mistress and maid. Scene a residence partly in Wales partly in Scotland. The two females in consultation. Mistress says, 'Poison her;' maid replies, 'No; there's a letter under her pillow stating how she did it. Hide it. Suspicion will fall on husband. No fire. No matches. No servants. I excel in dramatic—cookery—waste basket—glue bottle—dust heap!"

Valeria, to every body's amazement, claps her hand, exclaiming:

"I've got the clue! I've got the clue!"

Dexter claps his with idiotic laughter, crying:

"She's got the glue! she's got the glue!"

After which, having excelled in everything else, he proceeds to excel in imbecility, while Ariel hospitably drives out his visitors with the club.

CHAPTER III.

THE USUAL DENOUEMENT.

After the touching scene recorded in our last, it only remains to state that to the former residence of her husband, which was not partly in Wales—that being only a stretch of Dexter's imagination, which is only exceeded by that of the gentleman who invented him—but wholly in Scotland, Valeria sends Benjamin, her father's clerk, her own lawyer, Mr. Playmore, and a chemist, of whom it is not necessary to say whether or not he was also a druggist.

When they return from their examination of the dust heap they find her in the hospitals of Paris, nursing her sick husband, aided by her mother-in-law, the surgeon, and Miss Clara Morris, as she appears in the "Geneva Cross." Also with her are Major FitzDavid and Mrs. Major, no other than the young Person, but these last are chance visitors. As the commission enters the room, the Major, by way of variety, is kissing Miss Morris' hand and telling her she is the greatest of American actresses; while the young Person is saying:

"Very happy. See my clothes. See my diamonds. No queen-of-scouging it for me. I never could master those minor scales, but I've already mastered the Major."

To which he replies:

"My charmer! I kiss your hands."

"And now," says Playmore, "here are the proofs."

"Am I guilty?" asks the sick man, feebly; but being answered "No," sits up in bed, flings his nightcap at the Major, and exclaims, "There! I knew I didn't do it! I said so at the time. Show me the proofs."

The lawyer produces the waste basket, Benjamin the glue bottle, and the chemist some scraps of a torn letter, remarking:

"All found in the dust heap. When these scraps are put together——"

But here the noble wife interposes with dignity:

"Report to me! Macallan, your innocence is none of your business."

Poor Mac begins:

"Well, I'll be blowed——" but Miss Morris, as his nurse, objecting that he might take cold in consequence, he subsides in bed and pulls the covers over his ears.

"Now," says Valeria, with calmness worthy of her name, "who did this?"

"Not your husband, nor Mrs. Beauly, nor Dexter," say the three in chorus.

"Then why bring 'em in?" asks Miss Morris, accustomed to dramatic conciseness.

"Because," says Benjamin, "we excel in dramatic narrative."

Mrs. Macallan folds her hands over her apron, with an assumption of patience, saying:

"Now that you've said who didn't, perhaps you'll tell us who did."

"She did it herself!" reply the three in chorus.

"Well, I *am* disappointed," says every body but the young Person, who seems unable to get it through her hair—perhaps on account of having a quantity.

Then in succession they go up to Valeria, who strikes a lofty attitude, and remark:

"Congratulate you on your husband's being proved innocent." To which the Major adds, "And kiss your hands."

Last of all the young Person, finding it the thing to do, also steps forward, endeavoring to imitate the rest, and says:

"Yes, mum; I congratulate you on your husband's being proved—a—a—an innocent;" adding in an audible aside to the Major, "Mind you, I believe he did it after all!"

THE CAWNPORE MEMORIAL.

The name of Cawnpore will be remembered in all future ages in connection with the atrocious massacre of the wives and children of Anglo-Indian soldiers by the infuriated Sepoys in the rebellion of 1857. It has a population of sixty thousand inhabitants (natives), and about eight thousand English troops, since it is one of the most important military stations in Hindoostan. The *chowk*, or principal street of the city, is lined with three and four-story brick houses, and the market contains a great variety of fine fruits and vegetables, for the production of which the soil round about is peculiarly well adapted. There are no beautiful temples or mosques, nor any antiquities, nor any fine European buildings to be seen in Cawnpore. The absorbing and painful interest in the place is its association with the terrible Indian mutiny eighteen years ago.

The English especially, are ever mindful of their great men; of those who have devotedly served the State the memory is kept alive by every show of respect and honor that mind can plan or arm can execute. In Cawnpore there is a Memorial Garden, six or eight acres in extent, tastefully laid out with lawns and graveled paths, and filled with trees, shrubs, and beautiful flowers. On a grassy knoll in the centre of this garden stands what is termed the "Memorial." It consists of a circular stone platform, about ten feet in height, surrounded by an open railing—a Gothic screen, of beautiful design and finish—the whole of red sandstone. Entering the enclosure, we behold the large statue of a female figure, with long wings, standing upon a circular stone pedestal. It is cut from pure Italian marble, and was designed by the celebrated sculptor, Marochetti. An inscription in old English text, carved upon the base, announces that this monument is "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the rebel Nana Dhoondpoot, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the fifteenth day of February, 1857." Over the door on the minor side one may read this inscription: "Erected by the British Government, 1863;" and outside, the Scriptural text, "These are they which came out of tribulation."

A fine effect is produced by the contrast of the white marble statue, which shows through the open-work screen of red chunar stone, and the bright green of the turf which covers the mound. Close by are the graves of many of those who fell during the siege. No native is allowed to enter this garden without a permit from the authorities, but it would be even more appropriate if they were peremptorily excluded. The Memorial Garden is now in charge of an old soldier, named William Murphy, who was one of the only two survivors of the fearful massacre—the other being Colonel Mowbray Thompson, still on duty in some part of India.

Only a few months ago there was a report that Nana Sahib, the perpetrator of the Cawnpore massacre, who was said to have died of fever in 1858, was alive, and had been captured. And though at first the report was confirmed, it was soon afterwards proved to be false, as Colonel Thompson failed to identify the person who claimed to be the infamous traitor.

Not far from the Memorial Garden is the sight of the entrenchment in which General Wheeler, with his small band of soldiers and the European and half-caste residents, were assembled, and for twenty-one days held the place, in the face of a continual fire from the Nana's troops. No vestige of the entrenchment now remains, but the well is still to be seen from whence, at the peril of their lives, the unfortunate soldiers had to procure their supplies of water. A small plot of ground near the barracks is completely filled with graves of these victims of Sepoy treachery, and in its centre is a massive stone cross, bearing a long and appropriate inscription.

WE all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to. We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

When life's fitful fever is over,
And dust has returned unto dust,
May I but inherit the kingdom
Of Heaven, entailed to the just.

Ah, when thousands and thousands of years
Shall pass, as but one day on earth,
I'll look back and smile at the travail
That gave me such blissful new birth!

With what a weak, short-sighted vision,
Here, a molehill appears a high mount,
While there, in bright regions elysian,
We'll in songs all God's mercies recount!

While hosts of bright angels around us
Chant God's praises, aloud, clear, sweet,
We'll praise His great, warm love that found us,
And brought us safe home to His feet!

Oh! would that life's journey were over,
To dwell 'mid the angels for aye,
The soul's casket may rest 'neath the clover,
But the soul will ascend to the sky!

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII.

DOUBTS AND RESOLVES.

Darley Gifford walked into Dr. Matthews' office one night late in February in a frame of mind very different from that he had been in for the last three months. He had been sitting alone all that afternoon, trying to make up his mind what to do, and been unable to decide.

Since Phyllis had ceased to write he had received three letters from her father, relating mostly to business affairs, but mentioning casually that Phyllis was very well and was enjoying herself; and he had been at first disappointed, then indignant, to think she could so readily forget her promises, or, if she had not forgotten, be so indifferent to them.

He had at last written a letter to Felicie, begging her to send him news of his darling, to let him know if she was really well, and why she did not reply to any of his letters.

But that was not the letter which Phyllis had seen. Oh, no! Felicie was skilled in more than one art, and she imitated so closely both his style and handwriting in the letter which Phyllis did read, that it was scarcely any wonder that Phyllis herself was deceived.

Felicie had answered his letter at once, saying that Phyllis had so much to see that was new to her during the day, and there were so many people always coming into their parlor during the evenings—nice, pleasant people whom it was delightful to know—that she presumed Phyllis had rather neglected him; but he mustn't mind, girls would be girls, and Phyllis was no exception to the general rule.

She said she had spoken to her about it, but failed to get any satisfactory message to send him; perhaps, since she had been reminded of her duty, she would write all that she had to say.

It cannot be supposed that, anxious and troubled as he was, this letter was very comforting, but Darley extracted from it all the honey possible, and resolved to wait a little longer.

But patient waiting had certainly in his case been a loss. He had lost health, good spirits, almost lost hope on that February night when he walked into Dr. Matthews' office and sat down by the stove with such a deep frown between his handsome eyes.

The good old doctor couldn't help thinking that all was not going right with his young partner, though, if he had been consulted about the matter, he would never have attributed Darley's absent-mindedness and frequent frowns to the right cause.

He sat musing over his own troubles, when he ought to have concentrated all his thoughts on the troubles of other people. Patients who came for his advice got only words without meaning, queer-sounding nothings of opinion; and, as a top round to the riddle, when old Mrs. Dawson came rushing into the office one day, wailing out that her youngest boy, Jem, had fallen down and broken his leg, Darley Gifford jumped up and stared her in the face while he said:

"I'll not think of it any longer. I'll go to France myself, and find out what is at the bottom of it all!"

And then he rushed out, leaving the woman in dry-eyed amazement and indignation, which it required all Dr. Matthews' delicate handling to rub out.

That was the day before, and the good old doctor thought it was quite time for him to say something.

"Darley," he said, coming up to him suddenly as he was slipping into his overcoat, and putting his hand on his shoulder, "can you give me ten minutes before you go home? I won't keep you longer, but I must speak to you to-night."

"Of course," he said, though the tone said he would rather not; "I've nothing in the world to do, and I'm not in the least hurry."

And he pulled off his overcoat, flung it over the back of a chair, and sat down.

"I don't want to trouble you, Darley," the old doctor said, in a voice of real concern, "and I never did like to meddle in things that are no concern of mine, but I can't stand this any longer."

"Stand what?" asked Darley, shutting his lips closer than ever after those two words.

"Seeing you in grief and trouble. Don't tell me you are not in trouble," he said, as he saw his companion was about to speak, "for I can read the signs. You have got something on your mind, and you'll feel better if you tell me what it is."

Darley attempted a denial, but the words died on his lips.

"Now, Darley, haven't I known you since you were a youngster only up to my knees, and have I ever given you bad advice?"

"No, no!"

"Then tell me your trouble now, and let us see if I can't do something to help you out of it."

"It is a trouble and a grief—a terrible one—that I have to bear; but it is one in which no one can help me."

"What in the name of goodness is it?"

Darley reached out his hand and laid it in that of his old friend.

"I will tell you," he said, "because I know I can trust you; and even I you can't help me, you can give me your sympathy, and sympathy is sweet when a man is sick at heart."

Sick at heart! Could it be anything about Phyllis? He couldn't, surely, be breaking his heart because she was away from him twelve months!

And he would have laughed at his own thoughts, only that Darley was watching him with such a solemn face.

"Pills and powders won't cure a sick heart, that's certain," he said, aloud; "but maybe I can think of something that will."

There was a little pause, as if he hardly knew how to put his trouble into words, and then Darley broke out abruptly:

"It's just this, doctor! I haven't heard a word from Phyllis in four months nearly, and I don't understand it."

"But you hear from Mr. Hawthorne occasionally?"

"Yes. And he says she is well and enjoying herself. But it is some time now since I received his last letter."

"Why don't you write and ask her what's the matter?"

"Haven't I written? Six of my letters are unanswered, and another would probably meet the fate of its fellows."

Doctor Matthews looked very serious.

"Then I will tell you what to do, Darley. Leave your patients to me, and go after her and find out for yourself what the trouble is."

"That is just what I have thought of doing," he replied. "I am glad your advice is the same as my inclination."

"Depend upon it, that is the best thing to do. My little Phyllis isn't one of the fickle kind, and if I am any judge, she loves you with her whole heart. A noble heart it is, too!" he concluded.

"Can you get along without me?" Darley asked.

"I have had to get along without you lately," said the old doctor, laughing.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know what you said to Mrs. Dawson yesterday when she came to tell you that Jem had broken his leg?"

"No," said Darley, with an anxious face. "I hope I have not been making a fool of myself."

"You shall be the judge," was the laughing reply. "You told her you wouldn't think of it, but should go to France and see what was at the bottom of it. It was all I could do to pacify her."

Darley reddened, but said nothing.

"But it's all right. You get ready, and go and look after that dear girl, and I will attend to things here. And don't think I am an old meddler either. I have meant it all for your good. Good-night."

Darley shook his hand warmly, and pulled his overcoat on again; and then went home—not to sleep, but to think over ways and means.

Five days later he was on board a steamer, bound for France.

And half way across the Atlantic they passed the swift steamer which was bearing Phyllis Hawthorne and the brave-hearted Polly back to New York.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I AM YOUR MASTER!"

It was still very cold weather, though the thaw had set in, and there was scarcely a vestige of snow left in the streets.

Guy Hawthorne had gone out to some place of amusement—quite at his young wife's entreaty, it being the first evening since their marriage that he had left her entirely alone. But she had assured him that she felt dull—sleepy—and should probably retire very early; and so after much useless remonstrance against leaving her alone, and half a dozen farewells, he had actually gone, and she was left to her own devices.

She had on the same gray dress in which she had been married, costly lace at her throat and wrists, and a golden butterfly, his tiny, outspread wings gemmed with diamonds, shining and sparkling against the dead black of her hair.

She looked like a young queen as she sat there in the firelight; but a queen who though never so beautiful had a horror of foreboding at her heart.

Her hands were folded in her lap, and tightly twisted; just under her fingers, was a scented note addressed to her maiden name, which she had taken from the servant an hour before.

Ah, Felicie, wonderful actress though you are, could you have kept the same calm countenance, had you not succeeded in ridding yourself for one evening of the presence of your husband?

She sat there listening, waiting, listening—for the sound of a step she knew only too well, for the sound of a voice the memory of whose lightest whisper was hateful to her.

Would it come? Or would some happy accident prevent the fulfilment of his half-veiled threat?

If it had been possible to have escaped—if she could by any means have been transported a hundred miles away—beyond any possibility of meeting the man she had wronged—but it was too late to think now. The loud ticking of the clock made her nervous, and she stood up with her finger on the pendulum to silence it, when there was a sudden knock, and the next moment the door swung open and Gustave Feder, an evil smile on his face and an evil light in his eye, walked in.

"Ah!" he said, in a whisper that sounded like a hiss, "what very comfortable place to be in, and what face like an angel to welcome me."

"It is cold out, I suppose," said Felicie, faintly. "Will you not come near the fire?"

"You feel for me? You like not to have your Gustave feel the cold! Ah, what angel of mercy!"

"Hush!" she said, meeting his sneers with a look of fear. "Do you want the servants to hear what you have to say?"

"Gar! I care little who hears, my Felicie, so you turn not away your ears."

Felicie's face for one moment was a mirror of her feelings. If she could have murdered him and never have been found out, she certainly would not have hesitated. But she regained her usual self-possession, and spoke without a quiver of her sweet voice.

"I care though!" she said, facing him at last. "And if you have anything to say to me, you will be careful to speak in a lower tone."

She sat down again, and motioned him to a seat near her.

"You have been happy—quite content—without seeing your Gustave so long time?" he asked, sitting beside her and taking in his own the small jeweled fingers.

"Yes," she said shortly, "and I should still have been happy, if you had never come back!"

"Ah," he said, with a gasp, tightening his hold of her hand, "you dare to tell me that! Gar, but I have a thought to tell you one little secret you do not guess."

"I don't care to listen to your secrets. If you have really nothing worth telling, you had better go."

"It is one serious question—what *is* worth telling," he replied, fixing his eyes on the fire. "If I should tell you Monsieur Hawthorne had left Paris to-night, and left you here in care of your loving Gustave——"

"It would be a lie, and you know it!"

"So—so! Then I tell it not. But if I say Mees Hawthorne and her little maid are on their way to New York——"

"I should not care," she began, interrupting him a second time. "Phyllis Hawthorne has left her father's house, and I have no further interest in her comings and goings."

"And you?" he questioned. "You are the angel of the household! You stay to comfort the old man—her father?"

"And if I do?" she demanded, quickly. "Am I accountable to you?"

"Question number two," he said, his lips under his brown moustache a sickly white and more compressed than usual. "But if I should venture to tell the charming Felicie that her faithful lover did follow her to the church door one fine morning, and did see the ring put on this little finger, and all the soft looks and the blushes — those little scarlet lies——"

"I will listen to nothing more!" Felicie cried, with flashing eyes.

"Can you tell me this is one lie, too?" he asked, grasping her hand fiercely, and bending forward to look in her face. "Or is it nothing that my life is spoiled by your soft-spoken words! You have laugh me to scorn; you have shrug at me your pretty white shoulders; you have trampled me under your foot! Gar! do you think I take not my revenge?"

"Don't be childish, Gustave," she said, striving with all the power of her will to keep down her rebellious emotions. "If couldn't love you as well as you wanted me to, wasn't it wiser to marry somebody else?"

"You love him—this M'sieu Hawthorne who pay me ten thousand dollar to kill his innocent wife? *You love him?*"

"We're very good friends at least. We don't quarrel, and he lets me have my own way. You know I was alone in the world, Gustave, and was very poor; and you and I could never have got along without money—so——"

She stopped in the middle of her sentence, for Gustave was laughing at her; a savage, hateful laugh that she couldn't endure to hear.

She clapped both of her hands to her ears.

It was an old fashion of hers, and not at all a pleasant one.

But in a moment her two hands were seized and held fast.

"You shall listen when I choose to speak! Gar, but I will squeeze your beautiful throat, my dear, if you do that again!"

Felicie shuddered. One look at his face assured her that he meant what he said.

"Very poor, and alone in the world!" he repeated, with a sneer. "When the time comes again that Felicie Montcontour is *very poor and alone in the world*, it will be to the arms of her Gustave she will fly. We shall not quarrel—nevare; but Gustave will be your master then, my dear!"

"My master!" she said, scornfully.

"It will be when the innocent wife comes back, and the poor little daughter points the finger at you, and the little maid laughs in your face! Then it will be that your rich lover will open his door and say to you, 'Go!'" he said, not heeding her passionate exclamation.

"That time will never come! You know that as well as I. But—if it did—if I was the most miserable, friendless outcast, I would never come to you! Rest assured of that."

There was dead silence then, through which Felicie could hear her own heart beat.

Gustave rose to his feet and bent towards her.

"It is a long time since you make me one little promise—to be *my* wife. Did you quite forget *that*, my dear?"

"I don't care what promises I may have made you; and don't call me your dear again! I will not have it!"

"Not even leave me that one little happiness?" he said, still smiling. "Ah, she is not grateful for all the sacrifice I make for her. I must put her back in the little shop again where Gustave was one time friend and lover."

"*You* put me back!" she cried, her dark eyes flashing, and the red color deepening in her cheeks. "Thank fortune, I am out of your power at last, Gustave Feder! I am my own mistress now, and if you do not leave me and cease your hateful persecutions, I will order my servants to drive you from my door."

"You will do that?" he asked in a whisper. "Wait, then, till madame comes and taps you on the shoulder and bids you follow your Gustave. Gar! it will be my time to have cruelty then! But I shall forgive you, and put your little white hand under my arm, and take you home. You will know your master then, my dear!"

She put up her hand to touch the bell.

"Stay, you need not to trouble your servant. I go, and wait my time."

And before she had time to answer him, he had left the room, and was going cautiously down the stairs.

"Is he crazy, or does he think *I* am?" she whispered to herself, sinking back in her chair as she heard the door close after him. "He thinks I am still afraid of ghosts, and will tremble at the imaginary touch of a dead finger! Well, let him think it, and wait till fear drives me out to him. He will be gray, and deaf, and dumb, and blind, first!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The long, lonely journey by water was over, and Phyllis Hawthorne and the faithful little Polly had settled themselves in humble lodgings in the outskirts of the city. It would be a long walk back and forth for work, if they must go into the city for it; but their purse was already a slender one—Phyllis had even disposed of part of her jewelry to pay their passage-money—and far out in this quiet street they had found a home with a widow, who had advertised for one boarder, but consented to take two when she had seen them; and the

cost of the one little front room was less than they would have paid for part of an attic in the crowded part of the city.

The widow after hearing their story—all that Phyllis chose to tell—had felt all her sympathy awakened and had silently befriended them.

She had been a good seamstress herself before her marriage and her steady industry and skill won a friendly interest in the hearts of several ladies for whom she worked.

Now with her house to take care of and her poor crippled boy to look after, she could find no time for fine sewing; but when she heard that this kind of work would suit the young lady she had taken to board, and knew that she needed it, she went herself with her to various houses not a mile away from her own humble abode, and introducing Phyllis as a friend of her own, secured for her plenty of work—quite as much as she and Polly could undertake.

This afternoon—it was early Spring, and warm enough to have their windows wide open, the two girls were sitting in their own room busily at work.

For a long time there was scarcely a word spoken. The bright little needles flashed in and out, down the long seams, and the task was almost completed, when Phyllis with a long-drawn sigh threw her work on the floor.

"It is of no use," she said wearily. "I can do no more to-night."

"And indeed you don't need to," Polly replied quickly. "I can do both pieces, Miss Phyllis, and not feel it. Shall I get you anything, or will you just lean your head back against the cushion and rest?"

"There's no rest for me, Polly. My mind is constantly busy even when my fingers are idle. Oh, Polly! If I could only unravel this web that has entangled me, and know what it all really means!"

"And maybe you'd be none the happier then! Ah, my dear mistress, best wait the good God's own time. Sure He can unravel it at the proper time."

Phyllis smiled; but it was a very sorrowful smile. "Don't call me mistress again, Polly. We are friends now, and faithful ones I hope. I am glad you are with me, for I think if I had been all alone through these dreary weeks, I should have died!"

"Don't you talk about dyin', Miss Phyllis. You are goin' to live and find your handsome lover and be happy yet. I'm just sure of it."

"You are sure of it?" slowly repeated Phyllis, with mingled gladness and despair in her face. "No, no, Polly, don't tempt me to think of what can never be!"

"Ah, it's a cruel world that refuses you the bit of happiness! But I pray for it every night, and I feel in my heart it'll come true. He loves you yet, I'll be bound he does!" she said, eagerly.

Phyllis did not reply, but burst into passionate tears.

Polly dropped her work and knelt down by her chair.

"Don't cry, Miss Phyllis, dear Miss Phyllis," she begged, the bright tears standing in her own eyes. "It's always the darkest just before the blessed dawn, and I'm sure we will come to the beautiful daylight by and by."

"I wish I had half your good sense, Polly. And I suppose even if life is to be all like this I ought to be thankful for health and strength and plenty of work."

"I'm glad to hear you say it!" cried Polly, in a burst of enthusiasm. "If you can only think that all the time, dear Miss Phyllis, the days will be sure to go quicker."

"I am grateful, and I mean to show it," Phyllis said, hastily. "You shall not have occasion to reprove me again, Polly."

"Me reprove you!" said Polly, as if the mention of such a thing was a sin.

"Yes," said Phyllis, "you do it, whether you mean it or not. Don't you suppose I see the difference in your behavior and mine. Here I have been going about with a dismal face, finding fault with the ways of the world which are after all only the ways of Providence; and you, with just as much to bear, wear a sunny face and sing at your work as cheerful as a robin. Oh, yes, Polly, you may look at me, but I tell you that you have been a living reproach to me, but you shall not be such any longer."

And Phyllis took up her work again, and began to sew as if she found real pleasure in it.

"Ah, but it's not really the same," said Polly. "I was born to poverty and am used to it. Many's the time I've gone to bed cold and hungry, and never a soul to give me the hand and say 'I'm sorry.' You see I'm used to it, Miss Phyllis, but it's quite different with you! You've been used to friends and fortune, and it's not so easy, I know, to do without 'em. It'll come back to you, Miss Phyllis, but till the day it does, may the good angels be atween you and harm!"

And Polly lifted her burning cheeks towards her friend and mistress.

"You make me hopeful, Polly—more hopeful than I have been for many a long day. If the good time ever does come, dear, I shall remember you."

Polly jumped up and made a comic face. "It's little you've been doing but remembering me," she said, softly. "You've shared your room and your thoughts and your gold with me, and I'm only your little servant after all. I know well enough that isn't the way of the world, Miss Phyllis!"

"Well, we won't discuss that," said Phyllis, with a smile that was like returning sunshine to Polly's eyes. "You know this work must be finished by to-morrow night, so that you can take it home."

They drew their chairs nearer the window to have all the advantage of the fading light, and for awhile each one was busy with her own thoughts. Just as Phyllis had taken the last stitch, she heard Mrs. Martin's voice at the door asking if she might come in.

Phyllis folded her work neatly as she said: "Open the door, Polly."

"I'm glad my work's done," said Polly, springing up and opening the door; "and I do hope Jamie ain't left down stairs."

Jamie wasn't left. Mrs. Martin never went far without him, and he knew what a welcome he would get from Polly's merry eyes and mouth.

He seized her boldly by the edge of her apron and clung to her, while his mother took the other seat by the window, to talk over plans for the future with Phyllis.

"You see," she said, smiling, as she leaned her cheek on her hand; "you see I begin already to reckon you in, in all my plans. It is so good to have somebody beside yourself to think of, and I think of you, my dear, as if I was your mother. There's Jamie, too; he is perfectly devoted to your Polly, and she seems to like him almost as well, does she not?"

"Polly has such a big, warm heart that she can have a good many more guests and not be crowded," said Phyllis, smiling.

"Well, I never knew my Jamie to take such a fancy to any one before. Do you know, Polly, he has named his cat and kitten both after you?"

Polly laughed merrily, while Jamie, who by this time was ensconced in Polly's lap, whispered in her ear:

"My two Pollys are asleep by the fire. I've got a big Polly and two little ones."

"Then you're rich," whispered Polly in reply; "but I shouldn't think you'd know what to do with so many."

"Just love 'em!" Jamie asserted, with a wise little nod of his head. "That's what I do! And my mother says that suits kittens," he added, looking shyly up in her face.

"It suits me, too," said Polly, hugging him close to her; "but ain't you afeard they won't know which is which after awhile?"

"Afraid," said Phyllis, softly, as she passed her chair to put away her roll of work.

"Thank you, kindly, Miss Phyllis. But you see it's hard for me to remember the way the letters go, sometimes."

Since Phyllis had taken her little waiting-maid for her friend and companion, she had endeavored to correct her blunders in speech and pronunciation, and Polly had improved wonderfully; still, at times, the old habits would creep out and annoy Phyllis, who wished her friend to be a little more like herself.

"I have a good old mother living up among the hills, just in sight of the Hudson," continued Mrs. Martin, leaning back in her chair with an air of content, "and every summer Jamie and I shut up our house here and go up there for a little visit; and I have been thinking things over and contriving, as I do when I sit alone, and I've made up my mind you and your Polly ought to come with me this summer. It's likely you could get work to do to keep you busy through the warm weather, and help you pay your way, and Polly would be like a sunbeam in the old house, beside looking after Jamie all day."

The tears stood in Phyllis' eyes.

"And I've been thinking the ways of the world were dark!" she said, smiling through her tears; "you are very kind and I think better of the world for having known you, but it will never do for us to think of such a pleasure. We cannot afford it, dear Mrs. Martin; Polly and I are workers now, and we must not think of a vacation yet."

Mrs. Martin's face fell, but she was not entirely disheartened. She thought when Phyllis had thought over her plan for a few days, and become familiar with the idea, she would no longer refuse. She should have them with her (and she really felt a sincere friendship for them both) all summer, and when the summer holiday was over, she would be quite sure to have them again for lodgers.

Of course she thought of herself as well as them; and, so thinking, was all the more determined in carrying out her plans.

But for that day at least she had to go without their consent. Phyllis would not see the possibility of carrying out such a scheme, and what her young mistress did not see, Polly could never be bribed to favor by word or deed.

That night Phyllis did think long about the pleasant plan Mrs. Martin had proposed, but came to no new conclusion.

"We must stay where we are, Polly, and earn all we can, for something tells me the time is not far off when a change will come in our fortunes. It may be a brighter, it may be a darker one, but I mean to stay here until it comes."

"Do you think," asked Polly, lifting her face from the pillows, "that your father will want you to come back—that he will send that dreadful foreign woman back where she belongs?"

"I don't know—I am afraid to hope for that; if he has really made her his wife, she will not be apt to give him up. But I have had such dreams of late, Polly. I have even thought we were at home again, and my dear mother was in her old seat by the window in her little sitting room, and—and——"

"And the brave, handsome lover was there!" cried Polly, from her side of the room. "And so he will be when the good time comes! Depend upon that, Miss Phyllis!"

But Phyllis said "Good night, Polly," and buried her sweet, pale face in the pillows; and Polly never knew how many times the clock struck before her mistress fell asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN'S CLOTHES.

"Women's clothes," said a dear old Quaker elder once, "are an invention of the evil one." It is presumable that this remark was not meant for the garb of the women of his own sect, although, if the testimony of those who have worn it is to be accepted, the devising of the regulation Quaker bonnet—"warm in summer and cold in winter"—as a famous Quaker woman once said, should be attributed to some evil genius. If women's clothes (to go back to our text) are an invention of the evil one, then he is very ingenious. Take for example the present fashion in overskirts. What ordinary ingenuity would ever have devised, invented or dreamed of such a complication? The genius displayed in the construction of this single article of female attire, if directed into more useful channels, might have invented a steam engine, a new method of telegraphing, a navigable balloon, or a new motor. Then, the modern bonnet—but Satan could not have invented this, for in regard to it Edward Everett Hale, that veracious chronicler, tells the following story: On a certain occasion the evil one made a bargain with a man, by the terms of which he was to have the man's soul if the latter could not out of three questions propound at least one which Satan could not answer. The first question was asked. Satan answered it with ease. After much anxious deliberation, came the second, only to be answered with torturing ease. At this moment the man's wife entered the room with a new bonnet in her hand. "Which is the back and which is the front of that bonnet?" said the husband. That was a poser. The man was free. This is supposed to be the first and last occasion upon which a new bonnet produced any spiritual benefit.

MASONIC SECRETS.

Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs. White, were conversing about husbands and the secrets of freemasonry. Mr. Brown was a freemason; and the fact of not being able to share the secrets of the order with him, made Mrs. Brown very unhappy. She was pouring out her grief to Mrs. White, and saying, for the thousandth time:

"I wonder what they do in the lodge-room?"

"I have no doubt but it's dreadful," replied Mrs. White. "But if my husband was a mason, I'll bet I'd find out what he did."

"But how? They dare not tell."

"Ah! but I'd make him tell."

"How? oh, how?" asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell you; but don't breathe it for the world, because it is a dead secret."

"No, no; I won't."

"Well, do you know that tickling a person's ear when they are asleep will make them talk?"

"No. Will't, though?"

"Yes. Now, you wait till Brown comes home from the lodge, next time, and have a broom straw in the bed with you. When he gets asleep, you tickle his ear with it gently, and he will begin to talk about what he has been doing at the lodge, and in this way you can get the whole of the business out of him."

"Gracious me! You don't say so, Mrs. White?"

"To be sure I do. I always get my husband's secrets out of him in this way."

"I'll do it."

"And you'll tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Certainly. But you must never say anything about it."

"Oh, of course not. I am very close-mouthed," replied Mrs. White, earnestly.

So it was agreed upon, and they separated.

But, unfortunately, Mr. White had overheard the conspiracy, and lost no time in informing Mr. Brown, who laughed heartily over it.

A few nights afterward, Brown attended a meeting of his lodge, and his wife was all anxiety regarding it. On retiring, she armed herself with a sprig from her broom, and wakefully waited for her lord and master to return. At last she had almost broken down the veil of secrecy which had troubled her so long, and her heart beat wildly when she heard him open the front door and come in.

Of course, she pretended to be asleep, and did not see the comical smile on her husband's face as he turned up the gas and began disrobing for bed. But he said nothing, and in a few moments he was comfortably tucked in, and giving out premonitory indications of approaching sleep.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes cautiously, and convinced herself that he had gone to that land from which sleepy husbands never return until some time next day. Cautiously she reached under the pillow and took the broom straw from its hiding-place. Then she reached over carefully and began to tickle her husband's ear, and he was all the while doing his best to keep from exploding with laughter.

Finally, he began to talk a little, and her ears were keenly alive to every syllable.

"Yes, he must die!" said he. "He betrayed our secrets to his wife. I have got to kill him—the lot falls on me!"

Mrs. Brown screamed and leaped from the bed, while her husband, unable to control himself, gave vent to his laughter and disturbed the neighbors for the next ten minutes. But they never came to any understanding about the strange affair. She never asked him what he was laughing at, and he never inquired what it was which made her scream and leap out of bed so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't speak now. She thinks Mrs. White played a joke on her, and she seems to have lost much of her anxiety regarding the secrets of freemasonry.

"TOO MUCH STEAM."

The old saying of Captain Lott that nervous people ought never to go to sea, recalls the story of Mrs. Fidget, who came over in an Inman steamer not long ago. If chromos are ever to be distributed for champion timidity, Mrs. Fidget should take the largest. She was in fear and trembling day and night, always positive something had happened, or that something would happen. One night, a few hundred miles from Sandy Hook, she awoke with a start, and, possibly to perpetuate a feeling of alarm strong within her, Providence enabled her to bump her head against the top of the berth. Now we all can fancy the impression of a bump on the feminine head without false hair! This was sufficient. She knew the ship was going too fast. Up she jumped and flew to the captain's room.

"Captain! captain!" cried she, thumping at his door, "ain't you carrying too much steam?"

"Guess not," shouted the captain from within, recognizing the voice of his annoying-passenger; "but go and ask the cook."

Off she went to find the cook, but knocked at the engineer's door instead.

"See here!" shouted she, her shrill voice rising above the jar and crash of the machinery, "ain't you carrying too much steam? Yes, you are; I know it—don't tell me!"

Mr. Backaction, the chief engineer, opened wide his door and stared.

"What's the matter with you?" said he; "ain't you well?"

"Oh, yes, I'm well enough, but then I'm sure you've got on too much steam," said she; "now don't tell——"

Here the stewardess came down and said something about a waterproof or shawl, and Mrs. Fidget scampered away like a schoolgirl.

She said to some friends the next day that terror knew no polonaise nor overskirt! Very true, although not remarkably poetical!

BEAUTY gains little, and homeliness and deformity lose much, by gaudy attire. Lysander knew this was in part true, and refused the rich garments that the tyrant Dionysius proffered to his daughter, saying that they were fit only to make unhappy faces more remarkable.

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavor to display it; let it be called into action accidentally; it will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

CHILDREN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks!

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Many long years ago, there lived upon the shores of a Canadian river, a man named Peter Joliff. An honest, upright fellow, a good neighbor and friend, but with one abominable fault that won him many enemies and caused much discomfort and even suffering to those around him. This fault was an almost irresistible fondness of practical joking, that would not allow him to let an opportunity pass wherein he could gratify this special passion of his being.

There came a time, however, when the exercise of this peculiarity brought upon him an ordeal so sharp that it cured this unfortunate propensity, to the great joy of his family and friends. The process was disagreeable, but the cure was effectual and permanent.

One day Peter had been at work a few miles from his home. After his day's labor was finished, his employer invited him to partake of the evening meal with him; this invitation Peter accepted, and then, his system fortified by a hearty supper, he commenced his journey homeward.

The path which Peter trod that night would lead one to-day through cultivated fields and by many pleasant farm-houses; but then it was an unbroken forest.

It was a cold, dark December night; the wind swept fitfully among the great pines and beeches; strange mourning sounds went sobbing through the forest; now and then an owl uttered its hoarse cry, or the sudden rattling of the dead leaves told when some timid animal scurried away from the sound of footsteps.

But Peter was strong and stout-hearted, and trudged quietly along, without paying much attention to the sights and sounds around him, until he had achieved perhaps one-half of his journey, when suddenly his ears caught the sound of horses' feet descending the long, rocky path before him. Gradually the sounds drew nearer, until the sharp, peculiar voice of the horseman could be heard urging the beast to a faster gait.

"Ah, ah!" said Peter to himself, as he heard the familiar tones; "that is Uncle Tom Barry."

Now Uncle Tom and Peter were neighbors—that is to say, their clearings lay about a mile apart; and none knew better than Peter that the old man was naturally of a timid disposition, and, furthermore, that nothing inspired him with greater fear, nothing which he would not rather meet, than a wolf. No sooner, therefore, had Peter become convinced that the horseman behind him was his neighbor, than he resolved to use this trait of Uncle Tom's as a means of working out what he considered would be a most capital joke. His plans were soon laid, and he proceeded to put them into execution. Creeping through the undergrowth which bordered his path, he crouched down and patiently awaited the approach of his victim. He had not waited long before Uncle Tom, his horse at a sharp trot and himself casting timid glances around, arrived opposite his place of concealment. Peter allowed him to pass a few paces, and then springing forward on his hands and knees, he uttered one or two snarling yelps, instantly followed by the loud, clear, gathering cry of the wolves.

The effect upon Uncle Tom was electrical. Springing half way out of his saddle, he uttered a scream of terror; and then, stooping until his head nearly touched the mane, he plunged his spur into the horse's flanks, and was off down the road like a shot. As for Peter, he rolled over on his back and kicked his heels in huge enjoyment of his success. Loud and long he laughed, occasionally varying the performance by making the forest ring with a repetition of the wild, savage cry that had struck such terror into Uncle Tom's timid heart. But there is an end to all things; and so, after awhile, there was an end to Peter's mirth. Wiping his eyes, he regained the path, and was about to resume his journey, when he heard a sound that sent the cold shivers coursing over his body, and almost froze the blood in his veins. The wolves had heard his successful imitation of their music, and were coming down, full cry, upon him.

In an instant he saw his position and peril. From the sounds, he knew that the wolves were coming down on either side of the path he had just traveled; and therefore the nearest point of safety was his own clearing, more than a mile away.

All this passed through his mind like a flash, and then, calling his energies into play, he dashed down the path with scarcely less speed and terror than had Uncle Tom Barry himself. Peter was a famous runner, and had come off victor in many a trial of sped when the people had come together at a rural game, but this was no holiday game. He was not taxing his muscle to win the applause of admiring friends or to gratify an ambition to excel. The race was for life.

Down the long slope that led to Burnside Hollow, and up the ascent beyond, fled Peter, while hardly a hundred yards behind came a yelping, snarling pack, hungry and fierce. The life of an unarmed man would not be worth a minute's purchase could they once surround him. This Peter acknowledged to himself, as the idea entered his mind of standing on the defensive; so he abandoned the thought before it was fully formed, and braced himself anew for flight.

Down another long slope, across a broad sheet of ice at its foot, and Bee's Hill, with its long, steep ascent, lay before him. He shuddered as he glanced up its rugged side, for he felt that his strength would scarcely suffice to carry him to the top. The perspiration streamed from every pore; his breath came in short, wheezing gasps; his steps were becoming unsteady; and once, striking his foot against a loose stone, he preserved himself from falling only by an exertion so great that the blood spurted from his nostrils, and flames seemed to leap before his vision.

Still he kept on, though it seemed madness to hope, for his pursuers had gained upon him fearfully; he knew it by the beating of their footsteps; but, with energies inspired by mortal terror, he ran on, hoping only to gain the brow of the hill, for there the ground became more open, and his own cabin was but a few yards beyond. He felt sure that his pursuers would not follow him beyond the summit; but could he reach it before they would be close upon him?

No, not by his own exertions; for just as the thought passed through his mind, his foot caught under a guarled root that extended across the way, and he fell heavily forward. His head struck the frozen ground, and he lay senseless.

When Peter recovered his consciousness he found himself hanging over the broad shoulders of his brother John, and about to enter his own door. Here he soon collected his scattered senses, and was able to listen intelligently to his brother's account of his rescue.

Uncle Tom Barry, in his flight, had stopped at the cabin long enough to shout through the window that the wolves were out, and then hurried on. John, who lived with his brother, knowing that Peter must come the same path, took his gun and walked to the edge of the forest, where he halted to listen. But a short time elapsed before he heard the sound of the pursued and pursuers; and rushing down the hill, he arrived upon the scene just in time to leap between Peter's prostrate form and the wolves, the foremost of which was less than ten feet distant. Taking steady aim, he sent a bullet into the creature's brain; and then, while the pack were fighting over the body of their comrade, he slung Peter over his back and gained the open ground in safety.

Peter frankly told the truth about the affair from beginning to end, and concluded the story with the emphatic assertion that, as long as he lived, he would never be guilty of another practical joke, a vow which he faithfully kept.

AWKWARD SITUATIONS.

In the days of the Empire, Marshal MacMahon, having become a father, went to the Mayoralty at the city of Nancy to have the infant's birth and name registered, as required by law. He was accompanied by a nurse, carrying the babe, and two relatives.

"You must wait," said the clerk on duty, who did not know the Marshal.

The latter took a seat, and waited. A quarter of an hour elapsed. The clerk, meanwhile, did nothing. He deliberately arranged and re-arranged his pens and paper; he then cut his nails with a pen-knife, and ignored his visitors entirely.

The Marshal remained calm and imperturbable; his friends showed signs of indignation, but he signed to them to remain quiet. At length, the clerk, taking up his pen, and opening a registry, said, "Well, what is your name, sir? You are the father of this child, I suppose? What is his name?"

"Write," said the Marshal, coolly, "Emanuel, son of Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, Duke of Magenta, Marshal of France, here before you——"

The pen had dropped from the trembling clerk's hand. The Marshal did not report him. He considered the fright he had given the official punishment enough.

We remember reading a story of a somewhat similar kind, in which another distinguished soldier was an actor. It was in the early days of the English expedition to Portugal and Spain, to aid those countries against Napoleon.

In the chief clerk's office of the War Department at London there was a lull one day in business, and all the employes had gone out for a while, leaving one young scion of aristocracy lolling at his desk, paring his nails, and otherwise illustrating his admiration of red tape and his contempt for the rest of the world. A sharp, decisive voice at his ear startled him, and caused him to turn round on his chair more rapidly than was his wont. At the railing by his elbow stood a spare, clean-shaven man, of erect figure, and cold, severe manner. His dress was that of a civilian.

"Fill out these papers at once, sir," said the stranger, sharply and peremptorily, handing the young man some blanks.

The clerk slowly put up his eye-glass, and surveyed the visitor coolly and deliberately for some time.

"And who may you be, sir?" said the official, at last, in a rather indignant yet sneering manner.

The visitor cast one searching glance at, over and through the pert young man, and then said, in his peculiarly clear, sharp, cold tone:

"My name is Wellesley. My rank, General. I leave for Lisbon to-morrow morning. Young man, fill out those papers at once."

The clerk was overwhelmed with confusion and dismay. He essayed to speak; but Wellesley stopped his apologies short, turned on his heel, and left, saying, as unmoved as ever, "Fill out those papers at once. I shall return for them in fifteen minutes."

Nothing more was heard of it; but that clerk was notably polite after that to unknown civilians.

A Verdict to Accordance with Proofs.

The verdict of the public in favor of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters differs from some that might be mentioned, in being in strict accordance with the proofs repeatedly adduced in support of the claims of America's most popular remedy. It may well be doubted if there was ever a medicine in substantiation of whose merits such a mass of unsolicited testimony has accumulated. An examination of this testimony establishes a fact of the last importance to the sick and debilitated, as well as those who are exposed to unfavorable influences of climate—namely, that the Bitters are an unequalled tonic, an active and thorough specific for every disorder of the digestive, biliary and excretory organs, a reliable means of regulating the discharge of the most important functions of the body, and a supreme protective against intermittent and remittent fevers, and all other diseases to which malaria gives birth.

BUILDINGS IN LONDON.

Those who seek for architectural beauty in London cannot find it in the business buildings. London merchants themselves say, "Why should we spend fortunes on the embellishment of our places of business? If we were to tear down our present shops because they are old and in some cases rather small, and erect larger and handsomer ones in their stead, the number of our customers or the profits of our business would not be in any way increased. Our business reputation was made years ago, and a splendid shop could not in any way improve our position." So they remain in the same place year after year. It often happens here that three or four generations of a family succeed each other in the same place of business, and instead of building new shops they lavish enormous sums upon their private houses and grounds, and purchase costly pictures, sculpture, and other works of art. The houses of some of the merchant princes of London rival those of the old nobility and aristocracy in splendor, though however great the wealth of the former in social position they can never be the equals of the latter.

HEROISM.—Heroism, in fact, is rarely understood to be, simply, uncompromised duty. Heroism which is not duty is but a dream of the dark ages. Duty that is not performed with the spirit of a hero is but the mortar and brick of hard bondage. In the daily walks of life, unseen and unadmired, there may exist the truest heroic elements, and "all sap," find, if they dare choose, a glorious life and grave" in the sphere of common-place duty.

HE who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should be ware. There's no deception in a bull dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

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CUTE.—A large and fine chromo to delight the eyes of all, especially the young. A golden-haired girl is caressing a dog in the shade of trees near her home. Her hat has fallen from her head, and a rose is in it. Near the group is a beautiful cascade, and the steeple of a village church is seen in the distance. One of the most beautiful of chromos. Size 16x20.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A ruddy-cheeked girl is coaxing our little sister to give a bunch of flowered grasses to a horse. Near by is the dog, apparently enjoying the little one's want of confidence. Size 16x20.

THE PIONEER.—A scene in the Far West. The red-shirted pioneer has paused in his labor to drink, and is smiling over his cup at the merry little boy on the log. In the background are the rude cabin and the pioneer's wife. Size 16x20.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—Grandmother occupies the old arm-chair, a little grandchild in her lap, while another is climbing to the same coveted place. Size 13x16.

IN THE WOODS.—Three little girls have strayed from home, and are gathering wild roses. Size 11x15.

GOOD MORNING.—"Beautiful!" A child just awakened is greeted by her sisters, who have brought her a bouquet of flowers. It is one of our most suggestive pictures, which must be seen to be appreciated. Size 11x16.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The old stage-coach loaded with tourists has just arrived at the White Mountains, Mount Washington, in its grandeur, is seen in the distance; the foreground is taken up with the inn and its horses, the valley home and green pastures. Size 15x21.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—As a rural picture recalling old memories, this chromo cannot be surpassed. The antique farmhouse and old well carry the beholder back to other days. A boy tips the "Old Oaken Bucket" on the edge of the well, while his delighted sister looks on. Size 13x21.

THE PETS.—The little girl and her pets, two beautiful dogs, win the favor of all. A charming waterfall adds to the beauty of the scenery. Size 15x20.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.—A grand picture of this world-renowned valley—the pride of the Golden State. The towering, romantic and true to life. The towering rocks, the pines in the valley, and the stream that flows among them are perfect. In the foreground is a cascade and several plumed Indians. Size 14x26.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.—The old nursery story is here beautifully illustrated. Baby is regaled with it by the nurse, who takes delight in telling it. Size 13x16.

CONTENTMENT.—A young and beautiful mother is sitting in a chair, her arm enfolding her little daughter; the mother holds a kitten in her lap, while the little one's head is tenderly laid on the kitten's head. Old mother pussy sits by, and all is contentment. Size 13x16.

"THE TWO DOVES."—Not two birds, but two doves, for all that. A beautiful girl is teasing, with a bunch of cherries, a snowy dove that is perched on her hand. Size 16x20.

I'M COMING.—The little girl who loiters in the foreground to gather flowers is a model of beauty. You seem to here her say, "I'm Coming," as she glances over her shoulder at her youthful companion. Size 12x17.

CROSS AND CROWN.—Firmly planted upon the mountain top and covered with flowers, stands the Cross. Above it, extending its effulgence far and wide, is the glorious Crown. Size 14x18.

BLUSH ROSES.—It contains a single figure, that of a bewildering blonde, as fair as the blush roses she holds in her hands. Size 16x20.

WINTER SUNDAY IN OLDEN TIMES.—This picture recalls the good old Sabbaths of long ago. We have the antique church, covered with snow, and the good folk coming to worship. Near by is the parsonage and schoolhouse, and in the background a range of snowy hills. Size 16x22.

"FLOWER PIECE."—This chromo is a copy of the original by Mary Spencer, and deserves the praise it has received from art critics. The flowers are admirable, and the picture is sure to delight all. Size 13x16.

CHRISTMAS.—The centre of Christmas represents a "Merry Christmas" in *bas relief*, and the whole is surmounted by an appropriate wreath of flowers. Size 12x17.

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WINTER.—In the foreground two beautiful young ladies, in rich Polish costumes, are gliding over the glistening ice locked in each other's arms, while a pretty greyhound is chasing them. Near by a boy is strapping the skates of a girl. Size 14x17.

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The latest of Fashion's decrees seems to be that a general air of "flatness" shall prevail in drapery. One can hardly wonder at it, when the excessively dull, flat state of the times is taken into consideration. Even the fickle dame feels the influence, and in her characteristic and French way gives indication that she does.

We hear of some of the leading modistes in Paris adding small flattened pieces of lead to the inside of basque linings, at the back, in order to give the proper style to the tournure.

Among the curiosities in new bonnets, too, we notice one that may be worn with the back in the front with perfect propriety. The front proper has a revers or coronet piece, while the back is bent down. The trimming is so disposed that the fair wearer may reverse her capital adornment, and yet appear on the promenade or elsewhere with the comfortable sense pervading her being that it is "all right."

In costumes we have just seen a sweet thing in faille and either plaided foulard or cashmere. There is no overdress. The long, full skirt of faille is trimmed at the bottom with five flounces, each seven inches wide, of alternately plaid and faille. Then the front and side breadths are trimmed with alternate folds of faille and plaid, up to the belt, the folds being of the same width as the flounces. A perfectly plain cuirass basque, piped with plaid, and having a small standing collar of plaid, with coat sleeves trimmed just below the elbow with a fold of plaid and three ruffles, two of the latter of silk, and the middle one of plaid.

The dress is drawn back by means of tapes on the under seams, while the drapery of the neck breadths falls flatly, yet not ungracefully, over the tournure.

A very pretty costume in black grenadine has three flounces kilt plaited on at the bottom. The third one is headed by a standing ruffle. The apron overskirt has a narrow shirring down the middle of the front, and upon it three bows of black faille ribbon. Two knife-pleated ruffles edge the overskirt. On each side of the front are two square, shirred pockets. A cuirass basque, with long side pieces, and a knife pleating around the edge, is the corsage worn with it. The plain coat sleeves have a pleated ruffle falling over the hand, and a band and bow of ribbon to mark its joining.

There will be a great deal of Louisine, which is fine, thick silk gauze and net, used in combination with silk and velvet, for autumn costumes. The newest suits hint strongly of this rather odd and decidedly French fancy.

For instance, we have seen a dress of deep mauve faille, cut with a long, full train, trimmed as high as the knee, with folds and puffs of violet Louisine striped in satin. These folds are arranged in well-defined points. The front of the overskirt is of the Louisine, the sides of the faille. Two wide scarfs of the Louisine, edged with deep crimped fringe, are attached to these side pieces of silk, and tied at the back of the dress in two great hanging loops. The cuirass basque of faille is trimmed with folds of Louisine, diagonally arranged. The plain coat sleeves have upturned folds of the Louisine from waist to shoulder.

When used for a carriage costume—for, of course, no lady would be seen upon the promenade in anything so pronounced—a fichu of Louisine is added, trimmed with lace, looped in folds at the back, and crossed upon the breast in front.

Among the new styles for morning dresses at the seaside, etc., there are such pretty wrappers of fine white delaine and opera flannel, that we cannot forbear describing two.

One, of white flannel, was made Gabrielle front, and Watteau back. A deep sailor collar was trimmed with two bias folds of dark-blue silk, stitched on each side with white silk twist. A dainty anchor, with pendant rope, was embroidered on each corner. Similar anchors were placed down the front; also the bias folds of silk were continued down each side of the front seam. The square pockets were set back towards the hips, and had each an anchor upon them. A wide sash of dark blue silk, wrought with anchors, was worn under the Watteau pleat behind and round the waist, tied at the left side in a loose knot.

The other wrapper was of white delaine. It was laid in pleats from the throat to waist, from thence falling free. A fine line of crimson was wrought upon each pleat, and ended at the waist or belt by a crimson silk tassel. A wide Spanish flounce trimmed the bottom of the skirt. A pleating of crimson silk headed it, and continued up each of the side seams of the front, ending in a fraise at the neck. Large square pockets of crimson silk were placed on each side of the front breadth. Buttons of crimson silk closed the front. The sleeves were half tight fitting to the elbow, falling from thence in a wide frill, lined with crimson silk. A sash of crimson silk was fastened behind.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The newest thing in hats is of a modified Alpine shape; material, English straw. The high sloping crown is flat on top, and the narrow rim is turned up all round.

Small fichus and scarfs of silk net are being prepared for autumn wear. Sometimes the hair will be enclosed in them, and allowed to hang loosely.

Plaids will be worn during the coming season, but only as adjuncts to suits.

A French fancy in shoes is slippers in buff kid, with ankle ties of buff ribbon, crossed and recrossed on the instep.

Embroidered silk stockings are much worn with the half high shoes.

Sacques and Dolmans of faille, trimmed with thread and also French lace, will be the fashionable wraps for autumn wear.

Costumes of dark blue batiste, embroidered in white English embroidery, are very fashionably worn.

Hats of black silk, covered with puffings of tulle, and garnished with half wreaths of brilliant asters, intermingled with autumn leaves, will be worn during the intermediate season.

Gray undressed kid gloves are worn, with a tiny cuff of plaid silk attached.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS ANNETTE R. L.—Your note of the 1st is at hand. We cannot reply by mail, unless you send a stamp. We are sorry to disoblige you in the matter of samples, but the merchants object to giving them.

PRUDIE.—Your pleasant letter is at hand, and it affords us much pleasure to answer your questions. Gossamer waterproof does not look at all like ordinary waterproof cloth, and that which we have seen has not been in the piece, but in garments made by the firm who have patented the article. It is glazed, quite light in weight, and of a brownish-black color. You can procure a cloak for from eight to ten dollars. Your ideas about the silk and cashmere suit are very good. Hem the silk for the underskirt, and trim with a box-plaited or kilt-plaited flounce at the bottom, a shirring or two narrow knife pleatings above. Make a deep square apron overdress, and trim with a knife pleating of the silk. Have a sleeveless cuirass basque of the cashmere, and sleeves of the silk, puffed longitudinally. Simply cord your cuirass basque with silk. We thank you very much for your good opinion of the "Boudoir," and trust we may be fortunate enough always to retain it.

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THE GALLEY SLAVE.

The Captain's Story.

BY LIEUT H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

"I believe, gentlemen, that it is my turn to relate a story this evening, and as the anchor watch is set, and the weather fine, I will commence without delay." And the captain of the United States Revenue Cutter Dolphin laid aside his pipe, emitting a cloud of smoke from his mouth as he assumed a more easy position in his chair at the head of the ward room table.

The officers were all attention, the swinging lamp shed a cheerful light over the handsome apartment, and stroking his luxuriant side whiskers for a moment, thoughtfully, the commanding officer began as follows:

It was in the sunny land of Italy, the land of the fabled Hesperia, the country of the Eternal City that I met with the adventure I am about to relate. Through friends at court I was enabled to obtain an extended leave of absence in order to accompany a party of friends on a tour of the continent. I left the party at Rome, purchased a horse, secured a guide, and started on an independent cruise to visit Sicily and the lower portions of Italy. I was bound to St. Eufemio, and when among the mountain gorges of Calabria my guide levanted. I was clad in my undress uniform, a pair of Colt's revolvers were ready for use in the holsters, so I did not feel much alarm at the situation.

Occasionally I caught glimpses of the ocean, and as the path grew broader, I rode forward, halted, and in silent admiration drank in the beauties of an Italian sunset from my elevated post. In the distance loomed up the Lipari Islands, around which the sea has assumed its deepest tint of blue. The little Bay of St. Eufemio was aglow with a blaze of liquid gold, while from each promontory the waves dashed in showers of sparkling silver. Here and there large volcanic rocks reared their rough, porous sides from the azure depths, around the bases of which the summer sea played continually. All the different hues that the Mediterranean assumes under an Italian sunset were revealed in their deepest, purest tints. The white, shining walls of the church and town, the dark foliage and the lofty peaks of the Appenines, all formed a scene almost too beautiful for earth.

I was aroused rather rudely from the delicious reveries into which I had fallen by cries and exclamations of some one evidently in trouble. Tightening the bridle rein of my horse, I listened for a moment and satisfied myself that the strange sounds proceeded from the midst of a little plateau partially walled in by huge fragments of volcanic rocks. Urging my horse forward I bounded through the narrow entrance, at the same time loosing the revolver in my right hand holster. I was none too soon to save the life of a tall, well-formed man, who, with his back to the rocks, was defending himself against the attacks of four picturesque and well armed men. He was an expert swordsman, a perfect master of the weapon. I could see that by the ease with which he kept his assailants at bay. The rattle of my horse's hoofs on the hard, flinty soil, the glitter of my buttons, and the wicked look of my revolver, produced a very wholesome effect upon the four swarthy gentleman, who took to their heels without once glancing over their shoulders. From their peculiar rig, I knew them to be members of the famous banditti.

The man I had saved was attired in a faded uniform, which added to his noble air and bearing. His features had all the regularity and proud contour which are often found in old Italian portraits.

Sheathing his weapon, he thanked me for the timely aid I had afforded, and in reply to an invitation to accompany me to St. Eufemio, he said:

"Alas, sir, I am an outlaw with a price set upon my head. My name is Guiseldo, and I held the rank of major under the present government. With others I strove to free my country from the iron hand of despotism, and failed. My wife and daughter are in the town below. Will you add to the weight of my indebtedness, noble signor, and carry them a brief message?"

I assented, and by the fading light of the setting sun he wrote a few hasty lines with directions in my note book.

"And now farewell, signor. May I be permitted some day to stand between you and death, is the prayer of Lugi Guisaldo."

A wave of his hand, and the outlawed major disappeared in the obscurity, while I turned my horse's head toward St. Eufemio.

It was late when I entered the narrow street of the ancient town, but I experienced no difficulty in finding the best hotel the town boasted. I had resolved to seek out the major's family at once, and after supper I sallied forth in search of the ladies to whom I was to deliver the written message from the husband and father.

As I was leaving the hotel, mine host offered to escort me to the magnificent rooms of the Cavaliere Castaino, who that evening held a brilliant soiree. He informed me that my uniform would be my passport as a gentleman, and my ducats would answer for an introduction.

Almost before I realized it we were ascending the splendid staircase of the mansion, which displayed on every side the usual profusion of vases and Italian statuary.

In a spacious saloon, ornamented with paintings and statuary, where the lights from the chandeliers were flashed back by bright gems and brighter eyes, stood Cavaliere Castaino receiving the stream of company which poured in through the folding doors. I made up my mind to view the brilliant throng for an hour, and then attend to poor Major Guiseldo's message.

In one large apartment fitted up with more than princely splendor were all the facilities for playing faro and rouge-et-noir. Amid the throng of ladies and gentlemen who crowded about the tables were those bearing the titles of counts and countesses, cavaliers and signoras, even dark-robed, sinister looking ecclesiastics were sprinkled through the throng, all completely absorbed in the affairs of the table.

Before the banker lay heaps of gold, on which the gamesters constantly directed their greedy eyes, flashing alternately with rage, exultation, or envy, as the pile of coin changed owners. A soft, dreamy, symphony floated through the high, vaulted apartment, and fruits were passed to the guests by silent but attentive servants.

Such was the Cavaliere Castaino's soiree that had drawn together the most illustrious and powerful members of society in St. Eufemio.

Approaching a table I watched with deep interest the game in progress. Opposite to a magnificent looking lady of middle age, radiant with diamonds and an elaborate head dress of ostrich feathers, was a short, thick set man arrayed in the serge robe, rough girdle, and long, pendant cross of the order of priesthood. His features were at once ugly and ferocious. Masses of black, matted hair hung around his bloated face, while a bushy beard, and long, dirty mustachios nearly covered his sallow visage. A pair of restless eyes twinkled from amidst the masses of hair on his face, and I soon percieved that he was both a reckless and a successful player. Stake after stake he won from the lady, his dirty brown hands constantly sweeping the money from the table into a pouch which hung from his girdle. His movement was accompanied by a low, hoarse chuckle of triumph, peculiarly annoying under the circumstances to the unfortunate lady, whose face was flushed with anger and mortification. Even her diamonds had fallen a sacrifice to the madness which now had full possession of her.

The passion of play, or the excitement rather, had its effect upon me, and although a perfect stranger to the game, I stepped forward as the champion of the unfortunate lady, and confronted the villainous looking priest. A glance of hate shot from his wicked eyes as they fell upon me, but I heeded not his ill concealed wrath. Throwing down a handful of gold, I staked it on the "black lozenge," and won. Stake after stake followed in rapid succession, I allowing them to double each time. I seemed to be the especial favorite of Dame Fortune, and never relinquished my run of luck until I had restored to the lady her diamonds which the priest had been forced to wager. With a howl of rage, accompanied by a glance of furious hatred directed towards me, the ecclesiastic rushed from the room and disappeared in the crowd. Leisurely gathering up my winnings, and storing the gold about my person I had the pleasure of restoring the lady's diamonds to her, which were at first refused, but finally accepted amid a profusion of thanks and protestations. It was my first and only experience at any gaming table.

Gaining the open street, I wiped the moisture from my brow, inquired of a gentleman passing by the name of the street I desired to find, and, without dreaming of danger or treachery, walked rapidly forward in the direction of the house where I was to deliver my message.

The streets were dimly lighted, the lamp-posts being a considerable distance apart, and as I was passing a dark, obscure alley-way, a man closely enveloped in a large cloak rushed upon me. I caught the gleam of a stiletto in the starlight, and threw up my arm in time to parry a savage thrust that my unknown assailant made at my heart. The blade caught in the folds of my cloak, inflicting a slight but painful wound in my shoulder. Before the blow could be repeated I had closed with the would-be assassin, throwing him heavily on the pavement. The cloak fell from his face, and, as he lay insensible and bleeding before me, I recognized the miscreant priest who had sought to wreak a bloody vengeance upon me for stripping him of his ill-gotten gains at the gaming table. Leaving him to recover his senses as best he could, I hurried on, reached the major's house, and had the pleasure of gladdening their hearts by a message from their dearly beloved husband and father. At a late hour I took my departure, and reached the hotel without further trouble or annoyance.

I knew full well that my life would be in constant danger from the cowardly vengeance of the priest, who would leave no stone unturned to satisfy his wrath and revenge, but I kept my eyes open, carried one of my revolvers constantly, and remained in the town over ten weeks. I then took my departure for Sicily, roamed over the island in all directions, and finally returned to St. Eufemio for the purpose of embarking for Naples. I did not run foul of the priest, although I traversed the town in almost every street, secretly hoping that I might meet with the rascal. The family of Major Guiseldo had left the town, and I hoped had rejoined the brave major at the appointed rendezvous. There was nothing further of interest to detain me at the seaside town, and exactly six weeks from the day I entered St. Eufemio, I left it for Naples, where I expected to meet my parents and friends.

While at Sicily I made the acquaintance of a Captain Calonna, who had charge of a galley manned by some fifteen sailors, and carrying a lieutenant in addition to the captain. She mounted two guns, and beside the sailors was manned by some two hundred galley slaves, the dregs of the prisons and dungeons of Naples and Sicily. They were made up of assassins, bandits, runaway priests, and scoundrels of all kinds steeped in every imaginable crime. It was their duty to pull the huge oars, each one being worked by five of the miserable wretches, their wrists being chained to the immense sweeps. Between the slaves was a large plank running fore and aft, where the boatswain walked about, applying his lash to the bare shoulders of the unhappy criminals who did not exert themselves sufficiently. The officers remained aft on a raised poop, and were at all times armed to the

teeth. The galley was bound to Naples, and the captain giving me a warm invitation to take passage with him, I accepted, especially as the craft was very luxuriously furnished in the officers' quarters.

With remarkable speed we shot through the water, the broad-bladed sweeps brushing the ocean into a lather of foam, and leaving a long white wake in the glittering sea. The boatswain and his mates ran from stem to stern, lashing, unmercifully, the bare shoulders of the slaves, provoking tremendous curses and horrible blasphemies from the toiling, bleeding wretches. Glancing at the long double row of criminals, I shuddered at the awful expression everywhere visible in their dark, lowering visages, a thirst for vengeance, a longing for revenge on their cruel masters, every bosom a hell of pent up passions, every slave a chained fiend.

A tall, finely-formed athletic slave pulling the bow oar, attracted my attention, and, walking forward, I recognized with horror my mountain friend, the major, Guiseldo. A half-stifled sob, a hurried exclamation burst from his lips as his despairing eyes caught mine, and, recovering from my astonishment, I said in a low tone, "How came you here, major?"

"Treachery of the foulest, darkest description."

I was obliged to turn away, as it was contrary to the rules prescribed by the government to converse with one of the galley slaves; but my heart bled for the poor fellow whom I was powerless to assist.

Another surprise was in store for me, and, chained to a midship oar, I saw my old enemy, the priest, who threw an undying look of hate upon me as he tugged and pulled at his post.

Hour after hour passed by, bringing no rest or cessation of toil to the bleeding slaves, who panted with exhaustion. I regretted my haste in accepting the invitation of Caiouna, and would have given anything in my possession to have been once more ashore.

Suddenly a breeze sprang up, and by orders of the captain, the sweeps were laid in board, and the sails loosed in readiness to catch the evening breeze. The boatswain blew his call, but in answer to the summons a fierce yell ascended from the dark depths of the galley. As if actuated by some previous arranged plan, the slaves sprang from their seats, and in an instant were in possession of the craft. I should have fallen a victim to the rascally priest, who, armed with a handspike, would have made short work of me but for the major, who interposed between us. Like a Hercules he towered above the galley slaves, and the desperate villains shrank from his muscular, sinewy arm.

"I shall not be able to protect you," he whispered; "they are thirstiuy for blood. We are but a short distance from the shore. Swim—and may God protect you. Away."

I was successful in reaching the shore; made my way to the nearest town, where I communicated with my friends, and soon after I turned my back on the "sunny land of song."

"Did you ever hear from the major again, sir?" inquired the first lieutenant.

"No. His fate is buried in mystery, and whether he was retaken and is again toiling at the sweep of a government galley, or is a free man, are questions beyond my power to answer. But I trust he is enjoying all the blessings of liberty with his family.

Watering Place Items.

THEY have "sacred concerts" at the Ocean House, Long Branch.

A BRIDE at Long Branch has a bathing suit of white broadcloth trimmed with yak lace.

THE number of people at Saratoga with titles or handles to their names is surprising, and amazes even the hotel clerks.

THE best blue fishing this season that has been known for many years is found in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard, and particularly near Edgartown.

TOURISTS who desire to spend a week or two at West Point next month, must make arrangements now. West Point hotels are usually crowded in September.

THE husband hunters at Saratoga are darting their baleful glances at Aristarchi Bey, the Turkish minister, but Aristarchi has been under fire before, and is not going to do anything foolish.

LOUISVILLE comes to the front with a new feature in the management of hotel dining-rooms. At the Galt House a hundred negro waiters, all wearing white spike-tail coats, run on roller skates and bear delicious viands to the guests with lightning speed.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE is unusually gay this season, and the steamboats flying on the waters are handsome boats and fast ones. Ten years ago the lake was unknown as a summer resort, and to-day it numbers thousands of visitors, who are enchanted with the place.

CAMP life on Cape Cod is one of the jolliest amusements of the season. The Nauset Camping Club have just completed their sixth annual encampment there, and they prefer the cape to Marblehead Neck, where they were wont to pitch their tents before last season.

BOOKS with becoming covers are very much carried round in the hands of watering place young ladies. A possible five minutes to improve one's mind in the whirl of dissipation is the object in view, of course, and, though it is never attained, that is the usual fate of lofty aspirations.

THE pet costume chosen by the ladies for summer excursions in the mountains, just now, is blue flannel, made short in the skirt, and trimmed with military braid. "Indigo angels striped with rainbows" is what a correspondent from the Water Gap calls the divinities in that locality.

PEOPLE who go to Saratoga and drink like fish from all the springs are sick one half their time, for the simple reason that each spring has a distinct medicinal action. Fancy a man pouring ten different kinds of medicine down his throat before breakfast! And yet this is what the men and women at Saratoga do.

THE mosquito-net man down at Cape May is growing rich. Business is good, and the latest invention is a portable "neck protection" which goes over the head of the pretty women from Philadelphia, and has a sliding door in the front of it, to accommodate those who always kiss good-bye when the train leaves.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

☞ All communications should be addressed to REED, WICKERSHAM & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attempt to realize, to all our readers, in addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed, in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Smuggler. A False Friend. Fashionable Friends. The Months. The Bachelor's Wish. The First Offence. The Burglar's Wife. My Sister Clara.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. H. D.—Your proper course would be to write a straightforward and manly letter to the young lady confessing your errors, and promising complete reformation in your habits for the future.

M. G.—The Suez Canal was partially opened in 1869, and was successfully completed and fully opened on November 17th, 1869. It has a total length from Port Said to the end of the canal at Suez of ninety-nine miles.

J. H. BUNDY (Pittsburgh)—To cure the sting of wasps, take an ounce of ammonia, either top or root, bruise and apply to the sting for a few minutes. If it is applied at once after the sting it will give immediate relief.

UNDECIDED.—It is entirely a matter of taste which is the best of Dickens' Works. Some fancy "The Pickwick Papers," for their originality and humor; some "Dombey and Son," for its pathos; others "Martin Chuzzlewit" for its admirable exposure of hypocrisy in the character of Pecksniff, and so on.

PARAPLUIE.—The word which you have chosen as the *mot juste* is a French word for "an umbrella," derived from *parer* to ward off, and *pluie* the rain. The word "umbrella" is derived from the Latin word *umbra* a shadow, or from its diminutive *umbella*, a small shadow. A "Parasol" is derived from the Italian *parare* to ward off, and *sol* the sun.

C. S. R. (Germantown.)—We must candidly say that we think your riddles are as good as ours, though of course we have a natural partiality for our own. When you get to be an editor, you too will have the privilege of printing your own inferior productions, and refusing other peoples'. That will probably be your grain of sweet in a peck of sour.

W. D. C.—The engagement ring according to strict etiquette, we are told by one who has had very recently occasion to get the very latest information on this interesting point, should be worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, but for convenience it is more often nowadays worn on the third finger so as to serve as a guard afterwards for the wedding ring.

B. A. B. C.—The Oneida Community was first organized at Putney, Vermont, and afterwards removed to Oneida, New York, where, in 1861, they numbered 210. They have their wives as well as their property in common, and claim to have had great success in their experiment, and attribute this to the one they made of the Bible, on which they profess to build.

A Southern Subscriber (Carrollton, Mississippi).—We know nothing whatever in regard to the company to which you allude to as to their reliability, but we would strongly advise you not to make this investment. If you think of making one you have had an opportunity of seeing for yourself one of the watches they manufacture. We confess that having some doubts as to the wisdom of investing so much money in one of them.

PARLEZ-VOUS.—You can learn to read a language without oral instruction, but you never can learn the practical use of it without hearing it pronounced by a proficient. French is particularly difficult language for an American to pronounce, and a person may read it fluently, and write it too, for years, and still not understand a word that is said to him when he goes to France, or is spoken to, anywhere, by a Frenchman.

G. A.—The decline of the Spanish Monarchy, once the most powerful in the world, began in the reign of Philip III, about the commencement of the seventeenth century. His extreme bigotry, and his weak and vacillating but remarkable and dishonest man, the Duke of Lerma, with the entire charge of the affairs of the country, and from that period the glories of Spain have almost disappeared, and she has sunk down into a third or fourth-rate power.

INQUIRER.—Carpets are of ancient use in the East. The manufacture of woolen carpets was introduced into France from Persia in the reign of Henry IV, between 1589 and 1610. Some artisans who had quitted France in disgust established the English carpet manufacture about 1620. The manufacture of carpets is carried very extensively in this country, especially in Philadelphia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey.

A. B.—Croquet, according to the strict rules of the game of croquet, a rover can only be put out by a rover. Therefore, if you were a rover, and your ball was driven against the starting post by another ball which had not yet completed the run of the wickets and consequently was not a rover, you were not out. 2. If a player in the act of croqueting one ball drives two other balls, he can take the stroke over again, as the failure to separate the balls is *prima facie* evidence that the roqueting ball was either not struck or not in contact.

ANXIOUS.—You say: "I wish some advice, and trust you will be kind enough to answer my foolish question. When lovers quarrel, who should first speak of a reconciliation—the lady or gentleman?" This is not a question of sex. If by "lovers" you mean persons engaged to be married, the offender should act on the scriptural rule, and acknowledge the fault. If by lovers you mean people who trifle and flirt without any engagement, the reconciliation perhaps is not desirable. That they quarrel is reason enough for their keeping apart.

L. F. S.—"I have often wondered what gave rise to the names of the streets in London called 'Paternoster Row' and 'Ave Marie Lane,' of which I have often heard and which I hope to have ever had the good fortune to see for myself. Can you enlighten me?" These streets were so called from the stationers or text-writers who used to dwell there, and who wrote and sold the kind of books then in use, viz.: A, B, C, with the Pater-Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, etc. These books were for beads for Rosaries sold there, and were called pater-noster makers.

SWEET SEVENTEEN, who says she is "a constant reader and great admirer of the POST," must be of the right age to read the Riddle, and have never